



# CORNISH REVUE

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MOTHER AND SON . . . . .	<i>George Manning-Sanders</i>
CORNISH RHYMES . . . . .	<i>Ruth Manning-Sanders</i>
TWO POEMS . . . . .	<i>Ronald Bottrall</i>
HYMN . . . . .	<i>W. S. Graham</i>
COUNTY OR COUNTRY? . . . . .	<i>Ivor Thomas</i>
1549-1949: A TRIBUTE TO HEROES . . . . .	<i>Ashley Rowe</i>
ORNITHOLOGY IN CORNWALL . . . . .	<i>B. H. Ryves</i>
RICHARD TREVITHICK . . . . .	<i>A. K. Hamilton Jenkin</i>
MY WORLD AS A POTTER . . . . .	<i>Bernard Leach</i>
CHARLES LEE . . . . .	<i>H. J. Willmott</i>
PORTRAIT OF NEWQUAY . . . . .	<i>J. F. Hewish</i>
THE LIGHTHOUSE . . . . .	<i>Arthur Caddick</i>
EXILE . . . . .	<i>Bret Guthrie</i>
CARN BREA . . . . .	<i>Michael Gardner</i>

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# THE CORNISH REVIEW

EDITED BY DENYS VAL BAKER

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SUMMER 1949

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## COMMENTARY

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THE birth of a new magazine is in many ways comparable to that of a child, except that the fond parents of the former are at least familiar with the contents of their progeny before its appearance. On the other hand, while the human child enters a known pattern of existence, with its needs almost certainly catered for either by parents or (increasingly) the State, the child of paper and type, with printing ink for its blood, plunges upon unknown waters. With all the goodwill in the world its existence cannot be sustained without the outside aid of readers and advertisers, and the nature and extent of that aid is always something of a question mark. Moreover, the child of print is entirely dependent on those two sources: the day of the private patron seems to have disappeared, and though the State is willing at a price to subsidize children and art exhibitions, its support for regional magazines is confined to an occasional airy letter of congratulation. This is not necessarily a bad state of affairs, for it precludes any danger of self-satisfaction or lethargy. When the life of a magazine depends entirely upon the support and enthusiasm of its contributors, readers and advertisers, then the magazine—perhaps because it must live dangerously or die bravely—seems to develop a creative vitality that is often lacking in more comfortably-placed publications.

While it is too early to estimate the vitality of the *Cornish Review*, there is no doubt that, like most regional magazines, it lives dangerously. Perhaps the time will come when the lusty infant grows into the sedate organ, blessed by libraries and institutions, fodder for doctors' waiting-rooms and hotel lounges. But then, in all probability, it will have lost its originality, and therefore outgrown its purpose. The duty of a regional magazine such as the *Cornish Review* is to open its pages to a variety of viewpoints about Cornish cultural affairs, whether from artists, craftsmen, educationalists, poets, philosophers, archaeologists, bird-watchers, historians, musicians, dramatists, fishermen or fancy-free dreamers. The

second duty is to select and sift, balance and re-balance, in general to weld together a series of contributions which make up a living cross-section picture of Cornish life. The third duty is to present the results as attractively as possible, and so ensure that a publication claiming the word Cornish in its title may always look worthy of that name, whether in a shop window in Penzance or St. Austell, in a West End book department, a Manchester library, a New York University, or arriving at the breakfast-tables of Cornish exiles in South Africa, Australia, New Zealand, Canada or America. So many people have commented favourably on the appearance of the first number of the *Cornish Review* that it seems reasonable to suppose that the magazine is fulfilling its third duty—in which case readers will join with the Editor in congratulating the printers, Messrs. Underhill Ltd. of Plymouth. It is a sad fact that circumstances place them a mile or so on the wrong side of the River Tamar. But perhaps when Ivor Thomas has had his way, as outlined in the opening article of this issue, the point will be irrelevant.

The above reflections have been prompted out of the experience of presenting the first issue of the *Cornish Review* in the Spring of this year. It was very much an unknown venture. The only comparable precedent, the short-lived *Cornish Magazine*, edited by "Q", belonged to fifty years ago. Much had happened in the world in the ensuing period, but very little, it appeared, in the world of Cornish literary publishing. Second-hand bookshops revealed a few scattered pamphlets, such as those put out by the Cornish Arts Association from "The House on the Props" at Polperro, and various accounts of archaeological investigations in the Duchy. In 1928, with an exciting flourish of names—including "Q", the Hocking brothers, Crosbie Garstin, J. C. Tregarthen, R. Morton Nance, Mark Guy Pearse, Henry Jenner, H. V. Morton, Ralph Dunstan and A. K. Hamilton Jenkin—the London Cornish Association launched a new annual *Tre, Pol and Pen*, edited by Trelawny Roberts and Charles Henderson. Unfortunately, this was not continued, though its contents reflected the same high literary standard as the earlier *Cornish Magazine*. More recently there was that excellent little local magazine *Country Town*, edited by H. J. Willmott and put out by the St. Austell Arts Society, but that, too, eventually stopped publication. Various outside magazines, such as *Facet*, *West Country Magazine* and *West-Countryman*, have touched on Cornwall in some of their contents. Specialized Cornish interests have been well covered by two publications, *Old Cornwall*, official organ of the

Federation of Old Cornwall Societies, and *Devon and Cornwall Notes and Queries*, published from Exeter.

Nevertheless, it had been evident for many years that in Cornwall, a county rich in creative talents, there was something seriously lacking—a magazine devoted entirely to fostering and expressing the cultural life of the county. When the *Cornish Review* was announced, the project immediately received a warm welcome from subscribers all over (and beyond) the county, as well as the kind encouragement of the London Cornish Association. Contributors, too, welcomed the idea, and it was at once clear that a wealth of editorial material would soon be available. All the same, the reactions of the general public and of booksellers remained in the shape of that awkward question mark, and it seemed best for the editor of an essentially regional publication to carry it personally on its first voyage around its new territory. Such a journey was embarked on, up the south coast, taking in Helston, Hayle, Camborne, Redruth, Truro, Falmouth, St. Austell, Fowey, Polperro, Looe, Liskeard, across through Launceston and Bude, down via Camelford and Wadebridge, taking in Bodmin and St. Columb, out to Newquay and home via Perranporth. It was a journey well worth while, bringing as it did contact with all parts of Cornwall. Everywhere there seemed to be an immediate interest in the idea of a new Cornish magazine, though a good deal of pessimism about the inclination of the Cornish people to support anything containing the word culture. Well, it is a frightening enough word, but that the Cornish do support cultural activities, in many spheres, is evident from such facts as the attendance of more than two thousand competitors at the fortieth Cornwall Music Competition Festival at St. Austell in May—or the active participation of hundreds, even thousands, in such events as the Helston Furry Dance. Culture in Cornwall is a living thing: and it is to be hoped that it will live in the pages of the *Cornish Review*.

While it may be wrong to assess readership in the number of copies sold (the real assessment is in the quality of the reading), it may be of interest to mention some factual results of this first distribution of the *Cornish Review*. The largest sales, area by area, occurred in St. Ives (400), and Penzance (300). On the other hand, the town with the highest sales for an individual bookshop was St. Austell, where one branch of W. H. Smith's sold nearly a hundred copies. Other areas where there was a high demand were Falmouth, Newquay and Truro. There were one or two surprising "black" spots, notably Helston, Hayle, Liskeard and Bodmin. An increase of readers in those areas would help to level the distribution of a magazine which desires earnestly to serve all parts of Cornwall.

The critical reception of the *Cornish Review* has been greatly encouraging. Booksellers who spoke scornfully of their counters' being littered with Cornish pamphlets, found themselves obliged to order fresh supplies of the *Review*. Reviewers in Cornish newspapers were united in their praise. "The first number achieves (its cultural aim) without soaring so high as to put off the casual buyer, if he has a spark of Cornishness in him," wrote the *Royal Cornwall Gazette*. "Should be read by all who love Cornwall and the Cornish," was the advice of the *St. Ives Times*. And the *Cornish Times* pronounced judgment: "All power to the *Cornish Review* . . . may its horizon stretch insistently from the Tamar to Land's End." Encouraging reviews were also given in many national papers and on the B.B.C., while the *Times Literary Supplement*, in a lengthy review, stated that on this showing the *Review* "fully deserves the local support for which it appeals, and on which its further advance after a promising start will necessarily depend." Perhaps the most sympathetic and practical review was that given by Howard Spring, the novelist, in the *Falmouth Packet*. By kind permission of that paper and Mr. Spring the review is reprinted in "Readers' Forum", a new but obvious feature of the *Review*.

The items in the Spring issue of the *Review* which caused most controversy and were most consistently referred to by reviewers were R. Glynn Grylls' somewhat pointed "Reflections on the Cornish" and Sven Berlin's "My World as a Sculptor", the first of a series of personal statements by artists and craftsmen in Cornwall. Nobody has a better right to reflect about the Cornish than a member of an old Cornish family, such as Miss Glynn Grylls, who was born at Lanreath; and a professional sculptor of some twelve years' experience is well qualified to write about his own work and his ideas about sculpture. Both these articles were well written and stimulating, and it would have been surprising if they did not provoke opposite viewpoints. Other "reflections" on the Cornish are provided by Sydney Horler in "Readers' Forum", where Peter Lanyon also submits a protest against Sven Berlin.

This seems a good opportunity to emphasize that the *Cornish Review* is an entirely independent publication, whose columns are open to all viewpoints. An art critic recently inquired if the *Review* could be regarded as the official organ of the Penwith Society of Arts in Cornwall. The answer, of course, is negative. It would be an excellent thing if the Penwith Society, and many other societies and institutions, sponsored their own small publications. The function of the *Cornish Review* is to study all aspects of creative work in Cornwall, and it would be impossible to do this if the magazine was associated with one group. In fact, the *Review*



is sympathetic to the Penwith Society, as it is to all new and alive ventures, and the work of several members of that Society has been reproduced. One reason for any apparent bias is that none of the older artists seem concerned (as are the young ones) to submit photographs of their work for reproduction. It is hoped that in the future artists from all parts of Cornwall, and representing all schools of painting, will submit work.

The same invitation, needless to say, is extended to writers—particularly those in East Cornwall. A large number of writers and artists in Cornwall are congregated in the Western tip, and there is a tendency for the bulk of material to be contributed from this area. There seems no reason why West Cornwall should be more creative than East Cornwall. Launceston has many literary associations and was written about by Baring-Gould, Charles Kingsley, Thomas Hardy—has it no contemporary recorders? Bude cannot be quite as wrapped up in sin and sex as Mr. Horler implies. All along that north coast, from Hawker's Morwenstow down to Tregeagle's Padstow, there is abundant inspiration for writer and painter. So, too, at Looe, which, like Newquay, is having one of its best summer seasons; at adjoining Polperro, with its own colony of painters; at beautiful Fowey, rich in history and literature; and at bustling Liskeard, which boasts a lively Arts Council of its own. The onus is now upon these and other centres to prove that there is as much literary talent at one end of Cornwall as there seems to be at the other.

. . . . .

Whatever else it may or may not have achieved, the recent Inter-Celtic Festival at St. Ives stirred up a great deal of local interest and controversy. In the heat of this various partisans were so concerned to make their points that they tended to obscure the positive value of the Festival. It was true, for instance, that at the opening of the Crafts Exhibition the Grand Bard of the Cornish Gorsedd, R. Morton Nance, made a remark that in his own county "the Cornishman is proud of not being a Cornishman". But the remark was an extempore one, almost an aside, and might quite legitimately be provoked from one, like Mr. Nance, who has devoted so much labour to trying to encourage Cornish people to take an interest in their ancient language and culture—with so little practical support. Certainly the remark would hardly seem to justify reporters lifting it out of its context to make a "sensational" news story in national as well as local papers. On the strength of this single remark (for Mr. Nance's speech was otherwise full of praise for Cornish creativeness) one newspaper went so far as to pronounce, somewhat pompously, that there could not

be much good in a cult which seems to mark the Cornish people off "as graceless and faithless sons and daughters of the Cornwall they love". Other newspapers wrote of the incident as a "shock" to the Cornish people, and one came back to the attack some weeks later by using the Irish partition squabble as an excuse for advocating that the Celts of Cornwall cut themselves off from communication with the Celts of Ireland.

It is a great pity that the air should be filled with so many red herrings these days. The simple historical fact is that, as the Rev. John MacKechnie of Glasgow pointed out in his Festival oration, there was a great Celtic empire in existence as long ago as 800 B.C., and Britain was a part of that Empire. Although the empire, like all empires, came to an end, its peoples lived on. In recent centuries, the Rev. MacKechnie explained, the common origin of all Celts has tended to be forgotten, and the Celts themselves inclined to lay aside many of their national characteristics. Now, however, the aim is to reunite the various groups of Celtic peoples so that they may preserve in a material world the romance, the languages, and the traditions of the great Celtic nations of the past.

It is hard to find any violent reason for opposing such a purely cultural revival. No one, presumably, imagines Mr. Morton Nance is going to mount a white charger and lead a revolt of the Celts against their oppressors at Whitehall and Bristol. The purely cultural aim of Mr. Nance, of the Cornish Gorsedd, of the Federation of Old Cornwall Societies, of the Inter-Celtic Festival and other similar bodies, seems to be quite clear, and has often enough been stated. It is easy enough to poke fun at a minority movement, at the attempts of small groups of people in various parts of Cornwall to learn a dead language and, sometimes rather self-consciously, to celebrate ancient Celtic customs. To a cynical observer perhaps the annual Cornish Gorsedd might seem something of a farce, elderly gentlemen robing themselves in robes and so on. It is far from a farce in Wales, where the Eisteddfod is a living and breathing part of Welsh life. The Cornish are as Celtic as the Welsh, and there is no reason to doubt the sincerity of those taking part in the present attempts to revive our Celtic cultural inheritance.

Those who sit back and sneer would have done well to have attended the concluding event of the Inter-Celtic Festival at St. Ives, when the Helston Furry Dance and many other old Cornish and Celtic dances were performed. In the words of the *Cornishman*, "the Festival moved forward on a tide of liveliness and beauty, and those who came to scoff remained to cheer". The same reaction might have been encountered after a close study of the arts and crafts exhibition at the Festival. Pottery, printing,

wrought-iron, hand-beaten copper, printed fabrics, woodcuts, toys, model ships, sculptings, paintings—the standard of all was high and merited the praise given by the opener of the exhibition, Mr. John Farleigh, President of the British Crafts Federation. For the benefit of those who suspect the Inter-Celtic revival of representing a narrow viewpoint, it may be mentioned that Mr. Farleigh stressed the point that these exhibits represented a creative quality that would be recognized *anywhere*. But he also spoke of the need for craftsmen to be rooted in a tradition and background. Cornish crafts and culture are so rooted in a background that is essentially a Celtic one, and they represent one of many good reasons for supporting the revival of interest in Celtic traditions and culture.

Cornish crafts were also a feature of two exhibitions at Falmouth last month which have attracted more than local attention (a B.B.C. recording unit made recordings for “Roving Microphone”, and Bernard Fishwick broadcast impressions on the exhibits). The titles of the two exhibitions, staged at the Gyllyng Hall, were “The Artist in Cornwall” and “Design in the Home”, and though they were originally intended for private viewing, they aroused so much interest that they were thrown open to the public. Among the exhibits were paintings and sculptings by modern painters in Cornwall, and also a selection of past work, of which undoubtedly the most enterprising feature was a series of thirty-five drawings by Thomas Rowlandson from J. A. D. Bridger’s collection. More interesting even than the exhibition, however, is the story of how it came into existence: for it was, in fact, one of several events making up the first Cornish Art Teachers’ Conference.

The organizer of the conference was Stanley Wright, Principal of the Falmouth School of Art. In Mr. Wright Falmouth has a live wire, determined to make Falmouth an important centre of the creative arts, and the success of the conference is a measure of his prowess. More than one hundred and fifty art teachers from schools and colleges all over Cornwall attended the conference, and the Ministry of Education marked the importance which they attached to the event by sending down Mr. E. M. O’R. Rickey, their Chief Inspector of Art, to perform the opening ceremony. Mr. Wright’s idea, which worked out very well, was to have a number of guide lecturers and visiting professional artists present at both exhibition rooms, “available for informal discussions with delegates on any points which might arise out of their inspection of the exhibits”. Among those available in this way were Bernard Leach, the potter, Peter Lanyon, Cornish painter, Howard Spring, novelist and collector of

paintings, and Beresford Evans, Education Officer of the Council of Industrial Design, which co-operated with the Falmouth School of Art and the exhibitors in providing material for the exhibition. In this way visiting art teachers were able to obtain first-hand information, and returned to their work refreshed and stimulated.

The value of this sort of "get together" among teachers is obvious, but it is a sad fact that this should have been the first conference of Cornish art teachers to be held. However, as indicated by S. P. Heath, Secretary for Education of Cornwall, it is certainly not likely to be the last. Indeed, Mr. Wright has ambitious plans, which it is hoped will materialize this year, for acquiring much larger premises which will both house the Falmouth School of Art and provide accommodation for a series of refresher conferences for Cornwall's art teachers. The value of such conferences to the teachers is evident enough, but there will also be an added value to Falmouth itself, in bringing to the town further exhibitions of art and crafts, as well as lectures and demonstrations.

The amount of dramatic activity in Cornwall this season defies coverage in a quarterly. First, there are the weekly or fortnightly productions of the professional repertory companies: the Avon Players of Falmouth, the English Ring Actors of Penzance, the Studio Players of Camborne, the Contemporary Theatre of Truro, and such visiting companies as the West of England Theatre of Exmouth and the Travelling Theatre. Second, there are the frequent performances of plays and operas put on by companies of such high standard as the Newquay Amateur Dramatic Society, the Redruth Amateur Operatic Society, the Perranporth Players, the Mylor Players, the St. Ives Dramatic Society, the St. Austell Drama Group and the Penzance Operatic Company, to mention but a few. In addition, there seem to be performances almost every week by various drama groups of women's institutes, churches, factories, youth clubs, schools and other organizations. Obviously, it is impossible to publish adequate reviews of every performance in the county during each quarter. In the future it is hoped to publish a comprehensive article on drama in Cornwall. Meantime, the best policy for the *Cornish Review* would seem to be to present, in each quarter's Theatre Notes, as much information as possible about the various dramatic groups, and their plans for the immediate future. In the first issue of the *Review* details were given about the Merlin Theatre, the English Ring Actors, the Dolphin Players and the Avon Players: in this issue there is information about the Minack Theatre, the Studio Theatre and the Redruth Operatic Company.

An archaeological event of as much importance as the uncovering of West Penwith's ancient village, Chysauster, has taken place in North Cornwall. This is the latest excavation work by the Ancient Monuments Branch of the Ministry of Works, at St. Mawgan-in-Pydar. The operations uncovered an Iron Age village of the same period as Chysauster, with many of the same characteristics. The camp is situated a little above St. Mawgan and is one of several which were built along the ridge of Cornwall running via St. Columb and St. Breock Downs to Bodmin.

It is perhaps ironical that the excavations were prompted by the desire of the St. Austell Rural District Council to build houses on the site. Nevertheless, the discovery is a timely one, and brings another taste of excitement to the archaeologists of Cornwall. There can be few parts of Britain that offer such a fascinating reward to the student of archaeology. The sense of age and eternity about Cornwall, the feel of past ages, often seems communicable without facts and figures. It is difficult for anyone to stand on top of Trencrom Hill in West Penwith, or on Carn Brea, without sensing something of this atmosphere of the past. For the writer and artist the feeling is probably proof enough, but for many other people the approach to an understanding of Cornwall's mystery past is more easily made through facts and figures.

Some idea of the fascination of the archaeological approach was provided by a recent Exhibition at Chacewater, opened by the Chairman of the Cornwall Education Committee. The exhibition was organized by members of the local men's and women's W.E.A. classes, who invited residents to submit relics and photographs of the past. The result was a large collection of books and documents, old cottage ornaments, tapestry, needlework, ancient kettles, snuff-boxes, as well as accounts of notable figures born in the parish, such as the famous preacher Billy Bray. More vividly than any historical account did the exhibition give a flavour of the past, and many readers will support Mr. Norman Lyne's hope that Chacewater's example will be followed all over Cornwall.

The first issue of the *Cornish Review* paid its inevitable tribute to the late Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, in the form of a study of his writings by E. W. Martin. Rightly or wrongly, we tend to think of "Q" as a base from which to embark upon studies of the writers of Cornwall. In his own novels and stories he set a very high standard for other writers to follow. Notable among the latter is Charles Lee, the subject of this quarter's study. Because he stopped writing so many years ago there is often a tendency to think of Mr. Lee as a figure of the past, but in fact he is still

very much alive, though now in his eighties, and resides at Letchworth. Like the late Stanhope Forbes, whose Memorial Exhibition was opened at the Newlyn Art Gallery last month by Sir Alfred Munnings, Charles Lee came to Cornwall as a "foreigner" and stayed to give good return to the county for the pleasure it gave to him. And like Forbes, Lee also chose Newlyn as his home. Indeed, it is more than possible that some of the models in Forbes' pictures are among the characters drawn on by Lee in his books, recently republished under the title *Cornish Tales*.

For an insight into Lee's powers as a writer readers are invited to turn to H. J. Willmott's article, but it may be of interest here to quote from a letter recently lent to Mr. Willmott by Charles Lee. It is dated August, 1898, written on *Cornish Magazine* notepaper, and is, of course, from "Q". After an invitation to Lee to continue writing for the *Cornish Magazine*, "Q" proceeds: "What I should like above all things would be a short series of tales, from three to four thousand words each, written round a place in Cornwall, or, better still, a character. It's a thing I've often wanted to see done—I'd have done it myself, if I were the man. But I'm not. I have a certain number of ideas, and can write little stories about them: but I'm no good at character. Now you are: and, in fact, you're the very one to do this thing . . . something at once humorous and sly. . . ."

This letter, never published before, is of double interest. It throws some light upon the beginnings of Charles Lee's delightful *Our Little Town*, and it reveals the diligent way in which "Q" set about encouraging a number of young writers to proceed with their fictional and critical work about Cornwall (H. D. Lowry and, more recently, A. L. Rowse are other examples that come to mind). It is hardly necessary to add that the *Cornish Review* is just as anxious as was the *Cornish Magazine* to discover good Cornish stories, and contributions are welcomed!

I would like to conclude this second Commentary by thanking all who have given their support in the practical form of subscriptions or advertisements, and assuring them that everything possible will be done to give good value in return. And to all holiday-makers who may chance upon this issue, appearing at the height of the holiday season—please remember that life in Cornwall goes on all the year round, and your annual subscription to the *Cornish Review* would be an excellent contact.

THE EDITOR



# MOTHER AND SON

GEORGE MANNING-SANDERS

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MOTHER stood at her cottage door, anxiously scanning the steep, winding hill out of the fishing cove, and the tall cliffs, and the sea, where sunset reflected in a widening path of splendour.

Son, oblivious of time and maternal anxiety, dallied on the sea in his boat, absorbed in a girl—a stranger—who reclined in the stern, dipped her hand in the water, and made foolish remarks, which he interpreted as being both wise and musical.

When the boat grounded on the slipway the girl ran off, Son moored his boat, and lumbered towards his waiting mother with a semi-guilty smile disfiguring his honest face.

Mother had difficulty in breathing. Her elbows began to jerk. Strange and unpromising sounds escaped from her taut lips.

“Who was that brassy piece you risked taking afloat?” she demanded, doing her best to keep hostility out of her voice.

“Name of Amelia,” said Son, breathing rather than uttering the name.

Mother gave a loud, disparaging sniff. “A bit free and easy—she must be, or you’d not have her silly name off so pat! How come such a fly-by-night to foist her company upon you?”

“She was standing lonesome on the slip when I put out. So I asked her would she like a turn on the water. She’s in service—housemaid or some such—in the big hotel on the cliff-top. Only came a few days since. She was a bit shy, first going off.”

“That kind is more to be feared than adders, and you’d best put her out of mind before she stings you,” said Mother, trying to speak naturally, as she led the way into the kitchen, that was filled with a savoury, inviting steam.

From this introduction, anyone who has used eyes and ears must know that Mother and Son now pass into that category where suspicion, hostility, secrecy and cunning play hide-and-seek with maternal and filial habits and affections. Son sat chewing mechanically, and without appetite ; Mother scalded her tongue with hot tea, trying to seem casual ; each did their best, in this first skirmish, to disguise their feelings—those feelings which would, of course, presently take so strong a hold on them that no disguise would be any longer possible.

Toward the end of the meal Mother, exasperated by Son's absent-minded attitude and self-satisfied smirk, said, apropos of nothing at all : " She's like a rabbit in face, with them two great teeth sticking out like tusks ! "

" Aye, but that's what makes her unordinary," said Son at once, and without a second for reflection or consideration ; which showed his mother that he must have had the girl in the very forefront of his thoughts.

" Looks as if she'd bite ! " said Mother, trying to give a good-humoured chuckle, and failing miserably.

" Her ways is very tender, for all that," said Son, trying to be offhand, but expressing so much feeling that it amounted to a sentimental avowal.

" I've manys the time heard your father say that a woman with jutting teeth was savage, and not to be trusted."

It was a habit with the mother to quote her husband in this way—it seemed to add force to her own convictions.

" Aye, but Father never knew Amelia—if so, he'd have thought different," countered Son.

Well, perhaps this will serve as a sample of talk between Mother and Son : the mother, who has a swift chill at her heart from suspicion that her son is about to be made a fool of ; and the son, who feels that his mother is hostile and unsympathetic towards the marvellous warmth and gladness possessing him.

They neither of them slept well that night. Mother tossed in mind and body to find means for Son's deliverance ; Son squirmed in an alternating fever of anticipation and doubt. He got up at dawn, cut himself twice in shaving too closely, and hurried up and away over the cliffs, to stare from a distance at the many windows of the gaunt hotel, gleaming red in the rising sun. But, alas, there was no magic by which he could identify the loved one's casement !

After that, he and the girl met whenever they could, sometimes by accident, more often by carefully-schemed intent. He gave her presents.



He delighted in seeing her wearing what his forethought and love had provided. And Mother, sensing this, took Son to task.

"Well, yes," said he, glancing anywhere but into his mother's accusing eyes, "I did give her a scarf once upon a time. And I won't say I haven't seen her wearing bits of trinkets I've bought for her."

"She'll strub you dry, and cast you to one side like a husk!" said Mother.

"Nothing can't take from me the love I feels for her—never!" said Son, with a quite ridiculous, and most irritating, rapture, spreading over his countenance, which made him look, in his mother's eyes, a mere half-wit.

"You'll be sorry for this some day," said Mother, only just able to keep back her tears. And, as Son did not appear to have registered the hint, she added: "Yes, after I'm dead and gone and in my grave, you'll know I spoke true for your good, when I warned you against this sewer-rat, with her two great teeth gnawing into your very marrow, to poison it!"

Son visibly wilted. Mother, realizing her advantage, concentrated on those teeth, using the highly-coloured, eloquent phrases of one brought up in a tradition of folk-lore and superstition. She described them as hellish; she was sure that the Devil had pushed them forward to do his iniquitous will. She drew a vivid and really horrible portrait of Amelia, when age had shrunken her lips, and lengthened those teeth to resemble yellow fangs thirsting for blood. She mixed her metaphors richly. She threw out broad hints concerning Amelia's moral stability.

Son, quite frantic at this injustice, first began to reason, and then to rant. So there they were, both white in the face, both glaring, and both seeking words to sting and wound the other.

"That ever a son of mine should sink so low!" that was Mother's frequent phrase, whenever she was at a loss for something more withering to say.

"That ever a man should have to stand by to hear the sweetest and best on earth dragged through the muck by one he reckoned would know better!" snarled Son.

"This very minute you leave my house, and never dare darken my door again!" shrilled Mother, clutching convulsively at her breast.

"And welcome!" shouted Son. And he began to lumber up the crooked little stairs, presumably to pack his belongings.

Mother flung herself across the table, sobbing and wailing. Son stumbled on the stairs, rolled down, got up, and seized his mother in his

repentent arms. And the two of them laughed and sobbed alternately, till they had got their nerves back to normal. Then Mother brewed tea, and they drank, and smiled, and admitted they were both at fault.

This little scene was often re-enacted, sometimes with more, sometimes with less, intensity. Once, Mother threatened she would drown herself. Once, Son said he would cut his throat. Once, Mother menaced Son with a fire-shovel. Once, Son menaced Mother with a trembling fist. On the whole, things were fairly equal between them. Once, after a particularly noisy scene, Mother fled to her bedroom, bolted the door, and uttered such weird sounds that Son, in a frenzy, broke in, to find Mother comfortably ensconced in a chair. Once, Son stayed out all night, sulking, alone, knowing the distress it would cause. Mother organized a search party; Amelia was roused from her sleep in the attic of the hotel. When daylight came Son was discovered and hauled ignominiously back to his home—and found it difficult to explain what he had been up to.

"It's that Jezabel from up along at the hotel is curdling the sense out of you!" said Mother, in the presence of the delighted neighbours.

Son crept up to bed like a whipped cur. And, when he recovered from the humiliation, he determined that he would, that very day, ask Amelia to be his wife.

When he told Mother of this intention, standing cool and collected in the kitchen, her immediate reactions were both noisy and startling. She smashed the treasured clome hanging on the dresser. She behaved like a ballet-dancer; and finally flung herself down on the slated floor, uttering inhuman sounds. Son was terribly frightened. He was on his knees, dousing Mother with water, and saying over and over again that it was all his fun. Soon, quite exhausted, they were drinking tea together; he blaming himself, and she blaming herself.

But, this time, the truce was much shorter than usual. While they sat, Mother began to laugh hysterically. And Son, rather anxiously enquiring the cause of the mirth, was told that Mother had happened to think of a scarecrow's great front teeth, rattling against a tea-cup.

Then Son, after stamping clumsily on the fragments of clome scattered on the floor, became strangely silent and preoccupied; so much so, in fact, that Mother, for the first time in all their wrangles, recognized that here was the crisis.

"This settles it," said Son, in that kind of awed voice which so frequently announces momentous decisions. "I'll have them teeth put right. Then you'll not have no handle to smack my loved one with."

"Put to rights! How?" faltered Mother.

"Take her in to the best dentist in the town, and have him tuck 'em back a bit—same as other folks!"

Mother blinked, swallowed many times, and said faintly, "Why, it'll cost pounds and pounds!"

"I don't care if it cost all the money I've got," said Son, firmly.

In the weeks that followed to the final scene in this story, Mother never once referred to Amelia's teeth; and Son whistled and smiled in evident self-content.

Then, one day, he said to Mother, "Well, it's done, and Amelia looks handsome! Seems there was something wrong with them two teeth, and dentist nipped 'em out, and fitted two others you'd not know from life. Now, when she smiles, it's as if——" He pulled himself up, just in time, from being ecstatic.

Mother sat stupefied, staring, and fingering her lips, lost, regretting, oh so bitterly, that she had been the means of beautifying her enemy. "Then she looks different?" she said, just for the sake of saying something.

"You'd scarce know her," said Son.

Mother was abashed and silent.

And certainly, when Mother next peered through the curtains of the window, and saw Amelia, she had to admit that there had been a transformation. For not only did the girl look more attractive in face, but she stepped with more confidence, imitating the fine ladies who stayed at the hotel. And her clothing was more abandoned, and her voice louder, so that she might easily have been mistaken for a resident rather than a servant at the hotel.

"I've asked her," said Son, one evening, "and she will—soon as the season is over."

"Then you might so well order me coffin," said Mother. "For live in this small cottage with her, I cannot, and I will not."

"Never fear. You'll come to love her, same as most do, especially since she's had her mouth straightened up," said Son, kindly.

It was approaching the autumn—fine, golden days, quiet seas, Nature smiling before beginning the long frown of winter. Son was more thoughtful than usual. One night, hearing peculiar muffled sounds from his bedroom, Mother, with a lighted candle, hastened to him, ready to give physic for his pain. He was lying face down on his bed. He pushed Mother away, stopped his groaning, and remained ominously silent and still.

"Now, now, what is it ails Mammy's chickabiddy?" said Mother, speaking exactly as if he were four years old.

This was altogether too much for Son. He began to sob without restraint, biting the pillow, kicking up his heels, first one and then the other. He spoke disjointedly. It taxed Mother's patience to get the facts, and piece them together: of how Amelia had gone away without saying good-bye—had gone in a car with the head waiter at the hotel—for weeks she had been——

Mother had the greatest difficulty in not uttering a crow of triumph. She spoke sympathy through the folds of a handkerchief.

"It was—it was all along of her face—her face being so much prettier," whimpered the sufferer. "Why didn't I have the sense to leave her face the same as it was?"

Mother was inclined to say that the girl would have been the same at heart, teeth or no teeth. But she realized that this was no time to flaunt personal advantage. She noiselessly withdrew to make tea.

When she got back to the bedroom with a laden tray, Son was busy knotting up a big handkerchief.

"Them is all the oddments and letters I ever had from off her," he said shyly. "To-morrow I shall take 'em far out to sea, and sink 'em somewhere deep."

"And I s'pose," said inspired Mother, "them two ugly teeth that come out of her jaw is in the bundle?"

"That's right," said Son. "How come you to guess as much?"

"Because 'tis the usual way," said Mother. "Take your tea, now, and scoff it down while it's hot."

"After this caper, I'll never again, as long as I do live, put no trust in women kind," said Son, gulping tea.

And, since then, Mother has constantly and skilfully dissected Amelia, till very little of her remains. And Son—well, his love has gradually become a legend, vague and variable, but never without some wistful yearning in his memory.

## Three Cornish Rhymes

### Grandma

GRANDMA'S gone a-visiting,  
A-visiting to-day ;  
Put on her gown that's flowered and silky,  
"And now," says she, "the girls must milky,  
The serving-maid will tend the pig,  
The little lad bring round the gig,  
For I'm going a-visiting,  
A-visiting all day."

Grandpa's home a-worrying,  
A-worrying to-day ;  
"Though missus be a treasure, she  
Is over fond of pleasury,"  
Says he, "These flighty ways don't do  
In women-folk of eighty-two."  
So Grandpa's home a-worrying,  
A-worrying all day.

### Mr. Benny

"I've been wronged," said Mr. Benny.  
"I woo'd a maid as fair as any,  
I had a cot to house her in,  
I bought a mangle and a bin,  
And spent more gold than I belonged  
To waste on any woman's whim—  
Yes, I've been wronged.

There came a chap from up along  
Was calling apples two a penny ;  
He brought her neither house nor store,  
He filled her basket and no more,  
I was old, he was young,  
He caught her with his bits of song—  
And I'm alone," said Mr. Benny.

## The old woman looks in the glass

I've a-got a stocking,  
I've a-got a treasure,  
I've a-got a house that should not belong to me,  
I've a-got a secret,  
Forty years I hid it  
In the night, in the storm, by the black unlighted sea.

Oh my precious secret,  
Lips may never shape it,  
Ears must be deaf to what was done by me !  
But now comes a witness,  
A sly and artful witness,  
And lays my secret naked for all the world to see.

I've a-got a dressing table,  
I've a-got a looking-glass,  
Frilled up in muslin, pretty as can be—  
But an old bitter weed I am,  
Oh the Lord he knows that,  
And now he's took and wrote it on my face, for all to see.

RUTH MANNING-SANDERS.

## Wings

ESCAPING from childhood's thunder-showery loves  
We happen in on drought or a mirage ;  
The beetle's dry and horny-winged droves  
Shake the dry seed-pods of our rattling age.

Autumnal wells trickle with good advice  
That oozes out into the dusty paths of chance ;  
Whether poet or politician throws the dice  
Their load will carry them within the devil's fence.

While lassitude is gnawing at the soul  
And verdigris mantles our stainless brains  
The gulf of hell yawns blinking like an owl.  
We are spread like sand before oncoming trains.

Over volcanic peaks the albatross soars  
And with his beak pierces the mountain reservoirs.

RONALD BOTTRALL.

## Coronach

GOD has given us two hands  
For fingering and furthering ;  
Here we lie on Dunkirk sands  
Free from mothering  
Free of fathering.

God has given us two faces  
For weekday and for Sunday use ;  
Satan handles both our cases,  
Stacking stews and pews  
And setting the fuse.

God has given us two minds  
For doubting and for following ;  
Here we lie between the winds  
Eyes fallowing,  
The skull hollowing.

RONALD BOTTRALL.

## Hymn

WHITE is our net but white the sea  
That roars between us and the bay.  
Haul to the nets. Now comes to me  
His word that walked the ancient sea.  
Think us not lost, the sea that roars  
Is but His everlasting doors.

The sky is hidden and the gale  
Falls on us with the stoning hail.  
Haul to the nets. He hears our cry  
And on the sea He walks us by.  
Think us not lost, the falling light  
Is but the shepherd of the night.

The night falls misty on the sea  
And blinds the watchers on the quay.  
Haul to the nets. So soft I heard  
The lovingkindness of His word.  
Think us not lost, the streaming foam  
Is but the blood of Jesu's lamb.

W. S. GRAHAM.

(To be sung to the tune of "Eternal Father", Hymn No. 370, from *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, "Melita", composed by Rev. J. B. Dykes.)



# COUNTY OR COUNTRY?

IVOR THOMAS

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THE train journey down from London is a tedious business, especially after Exeter. It is not merely that the traveller is tired and the hours seem to go more slowly. It takes half the train time to cover the final third of the distance. For at Newton Abbot we leave behind for ever those level stretches, so inviting to the railway, which beckon the traveller westward past the chalk and limestone scarps of Wessex ; and we are carried high over one valley after another barring our progress farther into the fastnesses of these denuded mountains of Armorica. Those viaducts are a lasting monument to European engineering skill ("European", since the greatest was a Frenchman). The valleys which they bridge are at once the key to the character and the disunity of the South-West. They are always barriers and rarely routeways, for the roads of the South-West are ridge roads. They stopped the Roman and, for a long time, checked the Saxon penetration of the peninsula, and made road-building so hopeless that the railway virtually followed the pack-horse instead of the wheeled vehicle. But while their upper courses hindered human intercourse, their lower reaches were drowned by the sea, and, until the railway came, the only level roads were sea-roads. The sea was the highway along which the South-West trafficked with the rest of the world.

This land of wind-swept moor and sheltered creek is the "Córnuaille" of the French geographer. It is much the same area as the map on the cover of this review. It was probably the region over which a fifth-century Artorius assumed the leadership in the wars against the invader. There is a tradition that Totnes was once its capital, and to-day Plymouth is its unquestioned centre, a city just as Cornish as it is Devonian.

The modern regional administration of Devon and Cornwall from Bristol is artificial. It perpetuates the annexation of the area by Wessex in the Dark Ages, and is no more effective. The South-West is quite another region from the Westcountry. How true this is was evident to any who listened to the B.B.C. series "The West in England's Story", with a prior knowledge of the South-West's history. Equally, the effectiveness of the Tamar as a boundary has been much exaggerated. North of Launceston it never stemmed the tide of Saxon colonization, and the upper Tamar basin to-day is much more within the orbit of Devonian Exeter than the rest of Cornwall. South of Launceston it is plainly the boundary between Saxon and Celtic place-names. The large majority of these names go back a thousand years—so that it *was* an effective natural frontier. But to-day this deepest of South-West valleys, crossed as it is by bridge and ferry at a score of points, unites rather than divides the people on its banks. The villages and small towns of South-East Cornwall are dormitories for Plymouth. Their inhabitants speak a dialect regarded as "Devonshire" by the West Cornishman; and they themselves, when travelling west, say they are going "down Cornwall", as if the Fowey and not the Tamar were the county boundary. At least the Fowey has fewer bridges. It is the cumulative effect of a succession of nearly parallel valleys which makes the South-West, and especially Cornwall, in an increasing degree as one travels westward, a region difficult of access. The moors are more easily crossed as long as they are not snow-bound. And it is these same valleys which give the South-West its parochial character, and have made it impossible for any one Cornish town to dominate the others.

The annexation of West Wales, as our region was known to the Saxons, took place between the eighth and the tenth centuries. By the end of the eighth what is now Devon was a part of Wessex, and by the end of the tenth (or early eleventh) Saxon (later Norman) landowners were firmly established in the far west of Cornwall. Binnerton, Connerton, Henliston (Helston) and Winton (Gunwallo) were royal English manors. For centuries a Celtic language, a Celtic system of land tenure, and a variety of Celtic customs continued in much of Cornwall, and always a strong sense of moral, if not legal, independence, to be demonstrated in the rebellions of 1497 and 1549, in both of which Devonians joined.

English influence in Cornwall is as old as England itself. It began during those formative years when the various kingdoms of Anglo-Saxon Britain were struggling towards unity, and Cornwall has always been an

integral part of England. Its upper classes have always spoken the language of the English Court, and education, where it existed, has always meant education in English. Cornish remained the language of the masses up to the seventeenth century, but Cornish literature hardly existed.

In the sixteenth century a Welsh king of England brought about the union of England and Wales. With the rise of Tudor England to a position of leadership in Europe, English influences in Cornwall were strengthened. Cross-Channel ties with Brittany, which had lasted since the Cornish colonization of the fifth century, weakened, and the intellectual gulf between Cornwall and its earlier "Atlantic" associates, Ireland and Brittany, widened with the years. There was a large immigration of Welsh miners into Cornwall at this time. Another wave of Welshmen came in the eighteenth century, and it was in this century that Methodism triumphed in both Wales and Cornwall. To-day both are Radical and Nonconformist, while Southern Ireland and Brittany are Reactionary and Catholic. The mining element in the populations of Wales and Cornwall, and its absence in Southern Ireland and Brittany, is probably a controlling factor. In Cornwall it has always been the miners who have taken the lead in intellectual matters, whether in inventiveness during the Early Industrial Revolution, or in their active interest in the Workers' Educational Association in recent times.

Cornishmen rebelled four hundred years ago when the English Prayer Book was imposed on them. Yet the adoption of the English language was among the greatest of their blessings, and very few Cornishmen have any interest in the revival of a Celtic language. English is the Cornishman's mother tongue. It has been his passport to the greatest literature in the world, and with it he has taken his unparalleled skill as a mining engineer to every corner of the world. The great majority of Cornishmen are, in fact, scattered about the earth. They are deeply conscious of their identity, and filled, it seems, with a nostalgia for everything which reminds them of Cornwall. By their contact with other people they have come to realize their distinctiveness. So they form their Cornish Associations, sing their Cornish songs, eat pasties and saffron cake (which we no longer can, except in austerity form), and amuse each other with dialect stories and plays. Notice that. It is *English* dialect which these exiles love. Few of them have any interest in the Celtic language of pre-Reformation Cornwall.

The Cornishman who has stayed at home is not really aware that he is in any way different from other Englishmen. Least of all is he conscious

of being Cornish. A Camborne man, a St. Ives man, yes, but not *especially* a Cornishman. "Furriner" is only used in jest now, and formerly the next parish was just as foreign as any place beyond the Tamar. But much that he says in fun is taken in deadly seriousness by the "visitor" of many years standing, especially if his "holiday" has been spent in one of those parasitic seaside "Chinatowns" where nothing is Cornish except the air they breathe and the food they eat. Most Cornishmen are suspicious of those who declare they are not English. They regard as cranks both the sentimentalists with their dialect stories and outworn superstitions, and the more academic with their serious researches into language and history. To the average Cornishman a Breton is just as much a foreigner as any other Frenchman. A Welshman is to be distrusted as much as a Londoner—and that, in Cornwall, is saying a great deal! A generation ago Camborne was "up-country" to a St. Just man, but to-day a Devonian is a sort of close relative (especially if he's an Argyle supporter) who happens to live on the other side of the Tamar, a river crossed twice daily by thousands of Cornishmen, and of no more significance to them than the Fowey or the Fal.

All this is as it should be. We are living in days when the size of human societies is expanding, ever widening to include larger areas and bigger groups of people. Regional councils may soon replace county councils, and Devon and Cornwall, or the South-West, is a compact region with a personality all its own, essentially British in its Anglo-Celtic character. Plymouth is the regional capital, the sign and symbol of its unity.

Our common British heritage is the result of the fusion of English and Celtic elements, the latter probably increasing westward and northward. Nowhere can we draw a line and say "Here is Celt and there is English". That union exists even in the remote fastnesses of the western highlands, and failure to recognize it has produced the narrow retrograde nationalism of so many Celts. Our way lies forward and not backward. For four hundred years our Anglo-Celtic heritage has been transmitted through the medium of the English language. We should use our historic associations with the Atlantic pockets of Celtic culture as bridgeheads towards a United Europe, and not as avenues of escape from the realities of the present to the narrow unreality of a Celtic ghost world.

1549—1949

## A TRIBUTE TO HEROES

ASHLEY ROWE

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FOUR hundred years ago was a notable year in the history of Cornwall—1549, the year of the Western Rising. Historians have labelled this the Prayer Book Rebellion. We have little information concerning it, almost all accounts are written from the Government [English] point of view, and they have agreed that the cause was religion. It is true that the spark which set the rebellion alight was the introduction of the new Book of Common Prayer, ordered to be used in the churches on Whit-Sunday of that year. It must, however, be remembered that a half-century earlier Thomas Flamank, of Bodmin, and Michael Joseph, the “Captain of the Cornish”, led an insurrection which culminated in a body of 15,000 men marching right across southern England to the very outskirts of London itself. They were defeated at the Battle of Blackheath on June 17th, 1497, with great loss of life. According to most English historians this was an insurrection against taxes. Notwithstanding the crushing nature of the defeat at Blackheath, within six months 3,000 Cornishmen flocked to Bodmin to support the claims of Perkin Warbeck, there proclaimed King Richard IV. They marched with him to Somerset, where Warbeck deserted them. This was termed a dynastic rebellion.

The so-called “Prayer Book” Rebellion was actually the third time in fifty-two years that the Cornish had risen in open revolt, and it should be noted that a different reason—taxation, dynastic and religion—has been assigned by English writers for each of these three risings. Might it not be possible that there was one underlying cause common to all, a cause which English historians chose not to recognize?

That cause was the desire of the Cornish to retain their national individuality and language.

The Plantagenet rulers had been overlords of a number of provinces, some in Britain and some in France. The Tudors aimed at being kings of all South Britain and Ireland. The Cornish people felt, rather than understood, the change. Until then they had had a common link with all the peoples of Christendom. The King of England had been to them merely an overlord ; above him stood the figure of the Pope, shadowy it is true, but nevertheless a supreme authority. The Cornish people had been free to live and speak as their fathers had lived and spoken. All this was being changed by the Tudors, and the Cornish chafed under the new yoke.

The rebellions were the outcome of this discontent ; the differing causes assigned by English writers are immaterial to the one fact—Cornwall desired to retain its nationality and language. The rebellions failed, Cornwall was unsuccessful ; the outcome could not have been otherwise.

We must realize that the leaders of these risings were patriotic men, Cornish patriots, men whose names should be remembered with honour in Cornwall. The men who assembled at Castle Kynock (or Canyke) at Bodmin in June, 1549, were headed by Humphrey Arundell of Helland and John Wynslade of Tregarrock in Pelynt, with his son William Wynslade of Mithian in St. Agnes. Others were John and Robert Bochym of Cury, John and James Resogan of St. Columb, John Payne the Mayor of St. Ives, Henry Boyer the Mayor of Bodmin, and Mayow of St. Columb.

Six thousand men are said to have joined them, men undeterred by the memory of 1497 or by the fate of the men who had suffered only a few months before as a result of disturbances at Helston : Martin Geffrey, the priest of St. Keverne, hanged, drawn and quartered at Smithfield ; William Kylter, Pasco Trevian, John Kylter, Richard Rawe, Martin Reseigh, James Robert, Henry Tyrlever, John Trybo and Thomas Tyrlan, gibbeted in different towns in Cornwall—possibly, indeed, the fate of these men may have added fuel to the rebellion.

The story of the great adventure can be read in Rowse's *Tudor Cornwall* and in Rose Troupe's *Western Rebellion* ; how the Cornishmen took the town of Plymouth (though not Plymouth Castle), how they marched to Crediton and were infuriated by the " Burning of the Barns " on the 21st June, how, on the 2nd July, they reached Exeter and began the fruitless siege of that city which lasted five fateful weeks.

On the 27th July came the battle of Fenny Bridge, indecisive, but the advantage lay with the Royalist forces. The site of the fight is still known



as Bloody Meadow, and the tradition remains that it was "ankle deep in blood that day".

On the 3rd of August the Royal forces at Honiton, reinforced by detachments of Continental mercenaries, Italian and German, moved forward towards Exeter. The great battle of Clyst St. Mary destroyed the insurgents' hopes—

"Cruel and bloody was that day, for some were slain with the sword, some burned in the houses, some shifted for themselves and were taken prisoners, and many, thinking to escape over the water, were drowned, so that there were dead that day by one and other about a thousand men."

At the end of the great fight the English army, completely victorious, were struck by panic ; the Commander, Lord Grey, fancied he saw a fresh army of insurgents coming up to renew the struggle. A hasty consultation with Lord Russell led to the order being given for each man to kill his prisoners. The battle-ground became a shambles.

After that there was no hope for the men of the West. The siege of Exeter was raised, and the Cornish were in full retreat. An ineffectual stand was made at Sampford Courtenay, and the final scenes were played out at Launceston. The Cornish leaders were hunted through the streets of the old town, and on the 19th August were all captured and sent under strong guard to London. On 27th January, 1550, Humphrey Arundell, John Wynslade, Thomas Holmes of Blisland, and John Bury (a Devon man) made the fearful journey to Tyburn. Their mutilated remains were set on the gates of London.

William Wynslade was released, but his lands were confiscated. Carew says that he was afterwards in Co. Glamorgan, and his son Tristram became a wandering minstrel ; as Carew puts it "he led a walking life with his harp to Gentlemen's houses".

There followed a reign of terror in Cornwall, "the Provost Marshall in the field", Sir Anthony Kingston, journeyed through the length of the country, hanging men as he went, in no case is there recorded even the formality of a trial. The stories of the hanging of the Mayors of Bodmin, of St. Ives, of Mayow, of St. Columb, and of the Miller's man of Bodmin have been treated as merry jests by English writers, but they left a trail of bitterness in Cornwall. John Norden, who visited Cornwall in 1584, thirty-five years after the tragedy, says of the Cornish "They yet retain a kind of concealed envy against the English, whom they yet affect with a desire of revenge for their fathers' sakes, by whom their fathers received the repulse".

How many lives were lost in this, the last of the Cornish rebellions, was never known. Some estimates put it as high as six thousand, other accounts name a figure much lower. But this third rebellion, coming so close after the two preceding attempts of the Cornish to resist the encroaching demands of the English, must have added greatly to the loss of man-power in Cornwall. It is certain that a very large number of men never returned to their homeland from these revolts, even though they may have escaped from the battlefields with their lives. The difficulties of the return journeys can hardly be exaggerated. There was no question of an organized march home from Blackheath in 1497, or from Somerset when Warbeck fled. Even in Cornwall itself there would be danger. But before Cornwall could be reached the broken soldiers would have had to struggle through a land where every man's hand was against them. Very many probably did not attempt to return but went overseas to join up as mercenaries in foreign countries.

The rebellion of 1549 gave a mortal wound to the Cornish language, a wound from which it never recovered. Norden, in 1584, notes that Cornish was only spoken in the more remote parts, and that even there English had penetrated. Yet only thirty-five years before the Cornish were able to raise armies who could declare—

“And so we the Cornish men (whereof certain of us understand no English) utterly refuse this new English.”

The Cornish language did not die of neglect, nor was it, as many pretend to believe, ousted by what Richard Carew termed “The Excellencies of the English Tongue”; rather did it fall gallantly on the field of battle.

Time heals all wounds, and the bitterness that Norden noted has long since disappeared; yet we can surely spare a thought for those Cornishmen who perished four hundred years ago. We should honour their names, names of men who loved their country—Arundell and Wynslade, Bochym and Resogan, Boyer and Payne and Mayow, and the countless unnamed.



# CORNWALL'S ORNITHOLOGY

B. H. RYVES

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CORNWALL is certainly not behind any county in the British Isles in its appreciation of birds or in its activities towards the enhancement of scientific knowledge of their distribution, movements and ways of life. A happy picture is this, when one ponders on the fact that, up to some fifty years ago, interest in birds was almost confined to the acquisition of their skins and eggs. To-day, happily for us all as well as for the birds, it is the living bird that counts, though, regrettably, the illicit plundering of full clutches of eggs is still a menace, and the utmost vigilance is called for if we are to save our rarer birds from extinction.

Although birds are still threatened by human enemies, it is a matter of great satisfaction that there is a very steady growth in the number of people who are keenly interested in our wonderful heritage, not only from the aesthetic point of view but also from the more serious or scientific angle. Among the newcomers to bird watching are young workers on the land and boys and girls still at school or college—surely the healthiest of omens for the advance of ornithology.

The vehicle both for the preservation of Cornish avifauna and for its study is the Cornwall Bird Watching and Preservation Society, which, after an initial failure, I succeeded in founding in 1931. This Society has never looked back, and to-day, under the Presidency of Colonel Bolitho, Lord-Lieutenant of the County, has matured into one of the leading county ornithological organizations in the United Kingdom, and has earned a high reputation among British ornithologists everywhere. Membership is approaching the four hundred mark and, in the list are the names of many "foreigners" from all parts of England. Its annual reports circulate to many areas beyond the county's boundary, and make a valuable contribution to the wider knowledge of British birds. Cornwall

can be proud of an excellent County Bird Protection Order, and for this considerable credit may justly be claimed by the Society.

As regards ornithological literature, Cornwall has suffered from a considerable famine. Rodd's *Birds of Cornwall* was published in 1880. The next comprehensive survey was that of James Clark (not a native of Cornwall), published in 1906 in the *Victoria History of the County of Cornwall*. These works are, of course, quite out of date to-day. Nothing more of any real importance appeared until, in 1931, the annual reports of the Cornwall Bird Society began to be published; these, however, are available to comparatively few people.

Realizing the urgent need of bringing Cornwall's literature up to date and in line with that of many other counties, I took up my own pen and, in April, 1948, my book *Bird Life in Cornwall* was published. This was followed, towards the close of the year, by *Marsh and Shore*, written by Hilda M. Quick, of Penzance, who is my joint Hon. Secretary of the Cornwall Bird Society. I am pleased also to announce that a detailed ecological *Avifauna* of Cornwall is under compilation by an experienced Cornish biologist, which will, I hope, see the light of day within a few years. In addition, a *Vertebrate Fauna* of Cornwall—which will, of course, include a section on birds—is under preparation by another trained biologist, with the help of collaborators.



AVOCET

Students and lovers of birds have good reason to be proud of the wealth of Cornwall's bird life. Surrounded by the sea on all but its eastern boundary, our rugged coastline and its offshore waters provide a unique harbourage for sea birds of many species and for impressive land birds, which find safety and seclusion for their nests on our battered cliffs. The backbone of the county, comprising wild moorland, attracts birds of a different breed and manner—owls,

whinchat, curlew, snipe, and others. Our sheltered and wooded valleys are the homes of our song birds, visiting warblers from the sunny South and water-loving birds. And last, but far from least, there are our numerous estuaries up which great Atlantic tides, twice in every twenty-four hours, bring up from the sea an exhaustless supply of marine food for the sustenance of not only many water fowl but also of travelling (and wintering) waders from and to their breeding grounds in the far North.

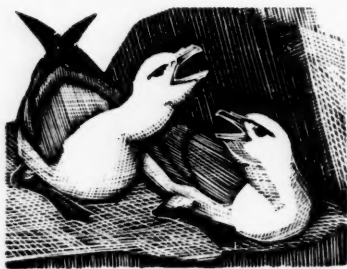
During the last two or three decades, over 240 species of birds have been recorded in the county, 112 of which have been proved to breed—surely a testimony to the value of the Cornwall Bird Society. To give a complete picture of all the many birds that lend enchantment to the Cornish scene, and lure bird lovers from many parts of the British Isles to see and watch them, is beyond the scope of the present article. Perhaps, at some future time, it may be possible to discuss our birds in closer detail.

Among our resident birds, pride of place, of course, is taken by the chough, emblem of our Cornish tradition. This rare and elegant bird, with its red legs and long, curved red bill, still lingers with us along a section of the northern coast. The existing mated pairs may be counted on the fingers of one hand. In spite of long-dreaded extinction, the Cornish chough has for many years just maintained this small level of survival without, regrettably, a vestige of evidence of any increase.

Interesting birds of prey are well represented in the county. Outstanding among them is the beautiful Montagu's harrier—a bird of almost exotic appearance. It is a summer visitor, and one of the rarest "hawks" in the British Isles and breeds—the nest is well concealed in ground herbage—in certain localities of Cornwall. We closely guard its secret. The first Cornish nest of this harrier was found in 1923, since when it has sought our hospitality every summer. That princely falcon, the peregrine—a resident species—suffered very severely during the war, organized action by the Air Ministry reducing its numbers to merely a few non-breeding individuals. At the close of the war, full protection was restored to the peregrine, and it has now begun to reoccupy some of its ancient eyries, but I fear that it will be years before we can boast again that our coastal cliffs constitute its greatest British nursery for the replenishment of its stock in distant haunts. The common buzzard—that great slayer of rabbits and the farmer's friend—has, I believe, reached its peak. Though it nests on the sea cliffs, the greatest numbers breed in inland trees, and if the slaughter of trees persists at the present speed the buzzard's population will certainly decline. Owls—undoubtedly the farmer's best friends—are well distributed throughout the county. We have several resident species, one of the rarest being the long-winged short-eared owl, which breeds sparsely on our moors but, in winter, may sometimes be seen in numbers where there happens to be a plague of voles.

The lord of the crow family is, of course, that powerful and majestic bird, the raven. It is holding its own at its coastal fastnesses and inland retreats, but at no time is it really common as a resident.

Turning to our sea birds, there are no less than thirty-six species which may be seen on or off our shores at various times of the year, eleven of which are with us in the summer to breed. The largest of them is the gannet, whose almost dazzling whiteness, enhanced by the black-tipped wings, rivets one's attention. Its nearest breeding station is off the Pembroke coast. By far the commonest resident gull is the herring-gull,



FULMARS

sacrosanct among fishermen. Among the diving birds are the shag and the cormorant. Both are residents, the former being very much the commoner. The auks, of which family the fascinating puffin is a member, are pelagic and only come to land to rear their families. The fulmar is a recent comer, accomplishing a spectacular extension of its range. It is now breeding at a number of stations on both our northern and southern

coast. The various kinds of shearwaters and petrels are only to be seen along our offshore waters.

The lists of water fowl that may be encountered in Cornwall are surely impressive, but nowhere are any of the numerous species found in spectacular numbers. Spoonbills in small numbers are almost regular visitors, while bitterns have been seen on several occasions. Whooper swans have been occasionally seen, and it is notable that a single individual has spent most of the recent winter on the Camel, consorting with domestic geese. Wild geese of most of the species have been recorded in winter, the "white-fronts" being the most regular comers. Though only five species of duck have bred in Cornwall—shelduck, mallard, teal, pintail and tufted—many kinds are winter visitors, comprising the members of four different groups, namely, surface feeders, divers, sawbills and maritime. Grebes of five varieties may be found in the cold season. Four of them are confined to Western Cornwall, but the little grebe or "dabchick" is widespread, and has bred on inland waters.

Of special attraction to the bird watcher are the autumn and spring migrations of the wading birds, which halt their journeys in our estuaries and marshes, and some of which even remain to winter with us. There are upwards of forty species of waders which can be claimed for Cornwall, and it needs time and experience to be able to identify them all with certainty.

When a bird watcher sets out for a day among waders, it is the element of uncertainty and of expectation that is the great lure. He cannot foretell which birds he is going to see or not see. He may be unlucky and see very little, but if he hits upon a day when a fresh wave of travelling birds has recently arrived, he may see a great deal. And there is always in the background the possibility of encountering one of those rare visitors that has somehow reached our shores from the other side of the Atlantic.

But I hope we will never allow the cult of the rare bird to distract us to the neglect of the ordinary birds. We must never forget that there is still a very great deal to be learnt—to say nothing of enjoyment—from the intensive study in the field of even the commonest birds. In regard to many points of avian behaviour we have climbed but little higher than the bottom rung of the ladder of knowledge.



RAZORBILLS

[Woodcuts by Hilda M. Quick]

# RICHARD TREVITHICK

A. K. HAMILTON JENKIN

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CONTRARY to popular conception, the genius of the Cornish Celt has displayed itself not in the arts but in the exact sciences. With the possible exception of John Opie, Cornwall can scarcely lay claim to any figure of outstanding rank as an artist, whether it be in the fields of writing, painting or music.

When we turn to science, however, how different is the picture. Here, indeed, Cornwall has a proud record, an astonishing record when one remembers how isolated was the county in times past, and how far removed from the country's centres of intellectual stimulus and opportunity. Consider only a few of the names—John Couch Adams, Senior Wrangler of Cambridge University and discoverer of the planet Neptune ; Henry Martyn, mathematician and Oriental linguist ; Sir Humphrey Davy, chemist, physicist and inventor of the miner's safety lamp ; Sir Goldsworthy Gurney, the pioneer of modern road locomotion ; Jonathan Couch, the leading authority on British ichthyology ; these are but a few of the many sons of Cornwall who have added lustre to England's greatness in the fields of scientific research and development.

One name, of course, is lacking from this list—that of Richard Trevithick, a figure not merely outstanding among the ranks of Cornishmen but worthy to be considered as perhaps the greatest inventive genius that Britain itself has produced. Sometimes known as the "Cornish giant", on account of his physical strength and great stature, the appellation is no less fitting to him by reason of his achievements as a pioneer of the locomotive engine and his application of high-pressure steam in all its many uses. Pages, indeed, might be devoted to a mere catalogue of his projects and inventions, many of which never bore fruit in his own lifetime but provided, as it were, a quarry from which lesser men have shaped and polished the finished article which he so carelessly conceived—and thrust aside.



Richard Trevithick was born among the mines of Camborne on 13th April, 1771. Cornwall, at that time, was a stronghold of Mining and Methodism. Two thoughts engrossed the minds of a Celtic population—the search for mineral in the darkness of the earth and the hidden treasure of another World, which they found by the light of Faith in the little chapels. Trevithick's father had been a personal friend of John Wesley, and was himself a fervent Methodist, as well as being a mine manager and an engineer of great ability. Shortly after Trevithick's birth the family moved into the little thatch-roofed house still standing at Penponds, near Camborne. From here Trevithick went to his first and only school. "A disobedient, slow, obstinate and spoiled boy, frequently absent and very inattentive" his master reported him. "Your sum may be right, but it is not done by the rule" he commented on another occasion, to which Trevithick briefly retorted, "I'll do six sums to your one!". Already he was known as the "Cornish giant". He could write his name on a beam six feet above the floor, with a 56-lb. weight suspended from his thumb. Balanced on top of the mine headgears he would swing a sledgehammer round his head "as an exercise to steady his hand and foot".

His life's work was now beginning. Before the age of twenty-one he had already been appointed engineer to several of the mines. This brought him at once into conflict with James Watt, whose low-pressure steam pumping engines had long held the field but whose jealously-guarded patent was now acting as a check upon the inventiveness of the younger school of Cornish engineers, of whom Trevithick was the chief.

In 1797 Trevithick married Ann Harvey, whose father was the owner of the famous foundry at Hayle, where many of Trevithick's engines were subsequently made. From the year of his marriage until the time when he left Cornwall for South America, Trevithick was at the full tide of his inventiveness. The plunger pump, the high-pressure steam engine, the steam carriage and locomotive were but a small part of the brilliant harvest of those hurrying years.

It was in 1797 or 1798 that Trevithick first turned his attention to high-pressure steam for locomotion. A model was made which ran round the table of his kitchen. The next move was to build a steam carriage to run on the roads. This was accomplished in odd moments in a blacksmith's shop. At length, on Christmas Eve, 1801, the engine was ready. In a stream of rain and carrying seven or eight men, the engine was tried up the steep gradient of Beacon Hill, Camborne. The experiment justified the most sanguine hopes, and Trevithick at once set about building another engine. This was shipped to London and fitted to a carriage to hold eight

or ten persons. Trials were made in Tottenham Court Road and Euston Square, where the public were electrified by the sight of the fire-breathing monster tearing along the highway at the rate of twelve miles an hour. Later in its lively career this engine got out of control, and after ripping up sixteen feet of iron railing, came to rest in a garden.

Before this incident Trevithick had already conceived the idea of running locomotives on a specially prepared track. Soon after, in 1804, he laid an even bet with a sporting iron-master of South Wales to haul ten tons of iron by means of a steam engine along a tramway which then existed between Penydaren and Abercynan, a distance of nine and three-quarter miles. The trial was made and the journey accomplished in four hours—which included time spent in lopping trees and removing large rocks by the way. *This historic event took place ten years before the construction of George Stephenson's first locomotive, and twenty-three years before that of the world-famous "Rocket".*

In 1807 Trevithick undertook charge of a scheme for driving an experimental tunnel under the Thames. The work was full of difficulties and dangers. On more than one occasion the water broke through, imperilling the lives of Trevithick and his men as they worked on in the fetid drain where the air was so bad that a candle would scarcely burn. The driftway had nearly reached the farther bank when a final inrush took place. The flood was so sudden on this occasion that the men could scarcely keep their heads above water as they struggled out. Trevithick himself was the last to leave ; and the Thames tunnel was thus abandoned by its projectors when within an ace of completion.

Seeking a new road to fortune, Trevithick entered upon a scheme for making iron buoys, masts and storage tanks for drinking-water in ships. At the same time he appears to have suggested that vessels themselves might be constructed out of iron plates. Trevithick was requested to meet the Navy Board to explain these matters. His assertion, however, that iron could "swim" was received with derisive laughter. At this Trevithick turned upon the naval experts and describing them as "a lot of old women", stamped out of the room.

Balked in this direction, Trevithick conceived the use of iron tanks for supplying buoyancy for raising wrecks. The experiment was tried on a sunken ship at Margate, and the vessel was successfully floated. Thereupon a dispute arose over the payment. Trevithick demanded an immediate "Yes" or "No" to his bargain. The owners hesitated, whereat Trevithick at once gave orders to cast loose the tanks ; and a few minutes later the ship was once more on the bottom.



In the midst of all these employments Trevithick was attacked with typhus fever, and becoming bankrupt, was forced to take refuge in a debtor's prison. From this he was rescued by the kindness of his wife's relations. Returning to Cornwall by a small trading vessel, the ship was attacked and narrowly escaped capture by a French man-of-war.

His health recovered, Trevithick threw himself with renewed vigour into his work about the mines. Ever a pioneer, he was an early advocate of mechanized farming. In 1812 he constructed the world's first steam threshing machine, an engine which, after doing long service in Cornwall, is now in the Science Museum, South Kensington.

Such was Trevithick's character as we see him at the age of forty-five—sanguine, impetuous, brilliant, scarcely waiting to perfect one invention before his mind was in hot pursuit of another. About this time an event occurred which stirred his imagination to its depths, and influenced the remainder of his life.

In far-off Peru the ancient silver mines, situated 14,000 feet above sea level and 160 miles from the city of Lima, had fallen into decay chiefly on account of the difficulty of unwatering them. The owners, anxious to explore the possibilities of steam pumping, sent an emissary to England to interview James Watt. As regards the latter the mission was a failure, but in a back street in London the agent chanced upon a model of one of Trevithick's high-pressure engines. Returning with it to Peru, the model was tested at the high altitude of the mines and found to work perfectly. The next year the agent was sent back once more to England, hoping to find Trevithick, of whose whereabouts he knew nothing. On the ship, however, was a Mr. Teague, who proved to be a cousin of Trevithick. Landing at Falmouth, the introductions were soon made, and orders placed for all types of mining machinery.

In 1816 Trevithick himself sailed for Peru. Arrived at Lima, he found himself a national hero. He was created a Marquis and Grandee of Spain, and proposals were made to cast his statue life-size in silver.

Within a short time Trevithick had all his engines working and in good order. Hardly had he done so, however, before the War of Independence broke out. Penniless once more, Trevithick became a soldier of fortune in Bolivar's army, providing him with a new type of carbine of his own invention. Tiring of army life, Trevithick next entered into an engagement with the Chilian Government to raise a sunken vessel laden with tin and copper. For this he received a cash payment of £2,500, which he promptly embarked in a scheme for pearl fishing in Panama—and lost the lot!

Becoming a prospector for gold and silver, Trevithick soon after set off with a Scotsman named Gerard for Costa Rica, in which country he remained for four years. Deciding at last to return to England to find capital for their mines, they made their way overland to the Caribbean Sea, being, as it is believed, the first Europeans ever to make the journey from Lake Nicaragua to the coast. Fearful perils befell them. For weeks the little party lived on the flesh of monkeys and wild fruit. Twice Trevithick narrowly escaped death—once from drowning and on another occasion from the jaws of an alligator. Eventually, after a journey whose route has never properly been traced, Trevithick arrived at Cartagena in Colombia. Here, in a wretched inn, took place the historic meeting with Robert Stephenson, then returning from an engagement with the Colombian Mining Association to become a railway engineer of world-wide repute. The latter lent Trevithick £50 to enable him to reach England.

In October, 1827, Trevithick landed in Cornwall, after an absence of eleven years. Almost his sole possessions were the clothes he stood up in, a gold watch, a compass and a pair of silver spurs, to which might be added the hazy rights to a copper mountain in far-off Caxatambo, and an option on certain gold mines in the hinterland of Costa Rica. By this time Gerard had also arrived in England, and together they set out to find capital. During the negotiations in London Trevithick was actually offered a cheque for £8,000 for his copper rights. But words passed, and the money was refused. A friend asked him, "Why did you not pocket the cheque *before* you quarrelled?" Trevithick characteristically replied, "I would sooner kick them downstairs!"

Thus vanished Trevithick's last hope of a fortune from the New World. But still he was not beaten. Under the slightest stimulus ideas gushed forth as of old. Among the many projects of this period were screw propellers for steam boats, the making of artificial ice, a new recoil gun-carriage, apparatus for heating rooms. Few of these projects ever matured, and their development was left to others, who reaped the benefit.

In 1833 Trevithick was working on an invention at Hall's foundry at Dartford when he was taken ill. A week later, on the morning of 22nd April, he died; and the greatest of British engineers and inventors was carried by his fellow-workmen to an unknown grave.



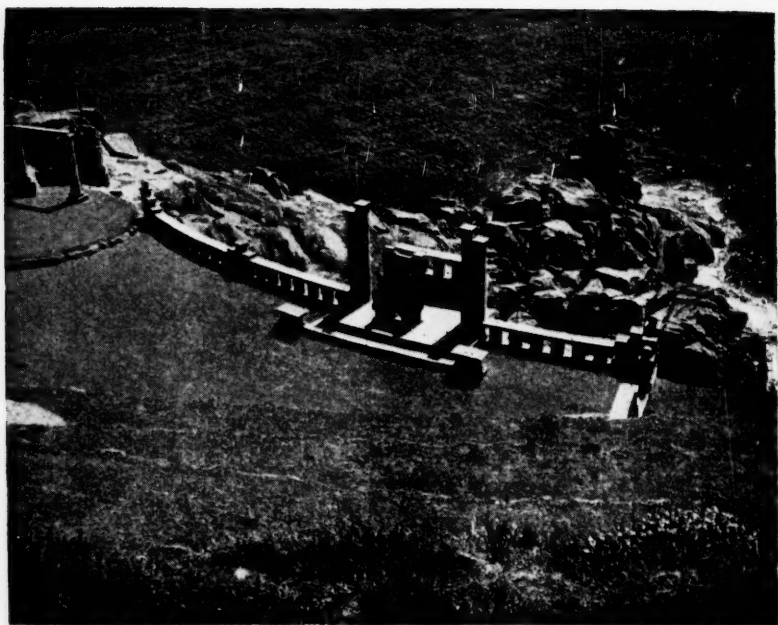
"SEA DREAMS" MOUSEHOLE

*Geraldine Underell*



ST. ERTH VALLEY

*Studio St. Ives Ltd.*



THE MINACK THEATRE, PORTHCURNO

*D. M. Rowena Cade*



ST. MARY'S, ISLES OF SCILLY

*T. P. Roskrow*



TRESILLIAN, NEAR TRURO

*T. P. Roskrow*



NEWQUAY

*Studio St. Ives Ltd.*



FALMOUTH HARBOUR FROM ST. JUST-IN-ROSELAND

*Studio St. Ives Ltd.*



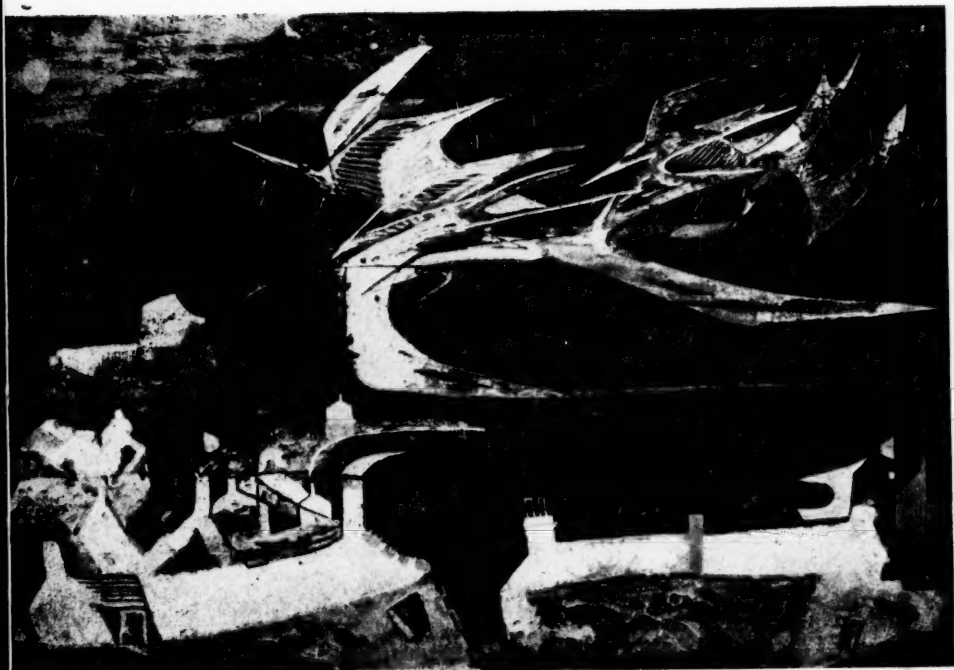
RICHARD TREVITHICK STATUE, CAMBORNE

*Bennetts, Camborne*



PENBEAGLE FARM, ST. IVES

*Denis Michell*



BIRDS DISTURBING A TOWN

*Bryan Wynter*



A WET SUNDAY IN SAINT IVES

*Misomé Peile*





"JARRAH MAID" 1945

*Barbara Tribe*



THE GREEN PETTICOAT

*David Cox*



JIMMY LIMPOTTS

*Isobel Heath*



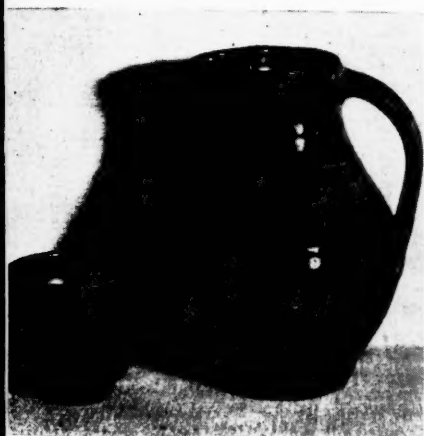
"THE DREAMING ELDER" (Terra-cotta) *H. Segal*





RUSHWORK ON PORRINGERS AND PLATES: BERNARD LEACH AT WORK

*Studio St. Ives Ltd.*



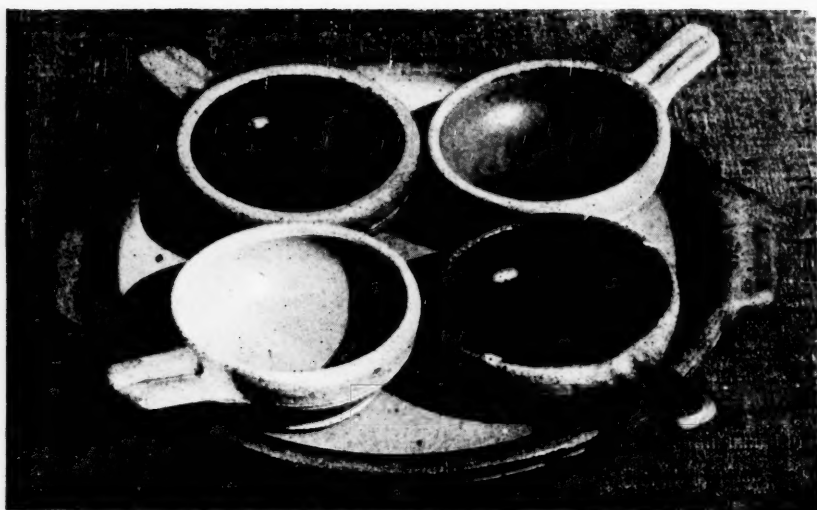
STONEWARE JUG AND CUP

*Bernard Leach*



STONEWARE TILE—FISH

*Bernard Leach*



EXAMPLES OF CO-OPERATIVE WORK    FIREPROOF STONEWARE EGG BAKERS OR RAMIKINS



MOTTLED GREY STONEWARE VASE

*David Leach*

# MY WORLD AS A POTTER

BERNARD LEACH

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I WAS born in Hong Kong, and my first years were spent in Japan in the care of my grandparents. To this fact, and the subsequent reading of Lafcadio Hearn, was due the impulse which took me back to the East at the age of twenty-one, after a training under Tonks at the Slade and in etching under Frank Brangwyn. I went back to find out for myself what this strange Eastern art, and the life behind it, meant. I taught etching and, with my wife, English, but fortunately it was not long before I abandoned the idea of teaching in favour of learning, and it was due to this fact that the younger writers and artists treated me as one of themselves. Little did I imagine at the party of artists to which I was invited in 1911 that the excitement which I felt at the first sight of pots being fired, which had just been painted by the guests, including myself, would eventually lead a Tomimoto or a Hamada to become potters, or to my own setting up as a potter in Cornwall, and the subsequent teaching of Michael Cardew and others, but so it happened.

After that experience, I set about finding a master, and was eventually introduced to Ogata Kenzan—the sixth in succession of one of the most famous lines, or schools, of potters—and became his sole pupil. Later Tomimoto also worked with him, and to us both he gave the traditional knowledge and recipes with which passes mastership. This studentship of ours did not resemble traditional Japanese apprenticeship, because both of us were mentally and culturally far removed from our master. The young artist and architect Tomimoto and I were certainly closer in friendship and depth of common interest than ordinary brothers, and we each had an affectionate regard for old Kenzan.

For most of nine years Tomimoto and I were friends and rivals. Being the first in this quest, and at that time having little knowledge of living

craft movements in other countries, we had no set guide to thought and prowess, so we bought our experience expensively, but what we learned thereby we really knew. The search after form and pattern occupied our nights and days, for we never supposed that the mere imitation of old styles would lead anywhere. We were, in fact, gropingly, with occasional flashes of light (quickly and gladly shared) synthesising on racial, cultural and personal lines, each according to his own very different inheritance. He was my only companion in this adventure and search until the end of my time in the East, when Hamada arrived from the Kyoto Pottery School wishing to escape from its atmosphere of pedantic scientific exactitude towards a more intuitive and basic means of expression. He came to England with me in 1920, and for three years helped to start the St. Ives pottery.

When we started in Cornwall with the helpful understanding of my partner Mr. Horne, who a year or two earlier had founded the St. Ives Handicraft Guild, we neither of us had any experience or firsthand knowledge of crafts in England. Our ideas were more or less bounded by conditions of craftsmanship in Japan, whether of the traditional countryside or of the individual art-trained variety which it so happened that I, as a foreigner, precipitated. For in 1909 when I went to Japan as a young artist there were highly-trained craftsmen—some of them even attached to the Court—but not one was aesthetically conscious in the international and contemporary sense. Thus when they, and still more the peasant weavers, lacquerers, potters, etc., attempted to graft foreign ideas on to an already weakened national stem, the results were disastrous.

The conclusion we subsequently came to was that making and planning round the individuality of the artist was a necessary step in the evolution of the crafts. So at St. Ives, at the outset, we based our economy on the studio and not on the country workshop or the factory.

For some years our main revenue came from enthusiasts and collectors in London and Tokyo. We worked hard, but with the irregularity of mood. We destroyed pots, as artists do paintings and drawings, when they exhibited shortcomings to our own eyes (what Hamada called "tail"). We only turned out two to three thousand pots a year between four or five of us, and of these not more than ten per cent passed muster for shows. Kiln losses in those days were high—quite twenty per cent. The best pots had to be fairly expensive. What was left over was either sold here or went out on that usually unsatisfactory arrangement of "sale or return" to craft shops up and down the country. Nevertheless, our work became known, students arrived, critics were kind, my Japanese

friends held repeated exhibitions of my pots and drawings, and sent all the proceeds to help establish this pottery in my own country.

In 1920 Hamada was 28, I think, and I was 33 ; he had not yet exhibited, whilst I had been launched in his country as an artist and as a potter for ten years. He had had a scientific training whilst I had made a lot of mistakes and gained thereby some experience. Like his own pots, he was well ballasted. For three years we had a good partnership. The background of thought which we brought to the undertaking was that of the artist turned craftsman ; or, at least, of the educated and thinking man perceiving the largely unconscious beauty of material, workmanship and general approach which preceded the industrial revolution, and his desire to recapture some of the lost values through the work of his own hands. So it was with Morris, Gimson and Edward Johnston. East or West, this is the counter-revolution, the refusal of the slavery of the machine. Both movements started here in England—the return wave of artist-craftsmanship from Japan has a character of its own—it has gained richness, a reflection of other and different philosophy and culture. Behind the failure of arms, competition and politics the world shrinks towards unity and cohesion.

At this early stage we were making a lot of rather uneconomic experiments in the Japanese low-temperature faience called "Raku", in middle temperature English slip-ware and in high temperature Oriental stoneware and hard porcelain. The Raku technique was used for Thursday afternoon demonstrations during summer months, at which we allowed visitors to paint their own pots, which we glazed and fired before their eyes. We were still using wood, and there were not a few occasions when the beginner's struggle with the unforeseen, without the experience and advice of old hands, made me realize the truth behind the friendly warning that in Japan twenty years were regarded as about the time requisite for the establishment of a new pottery.

Between 1920 and 1931 we had "one-man" shows in London—about seven altogether. They were moderately successful, but it became gradually clear to me that the solution to the underlying problems of craftsmanship, or, at any rate, those which presented themselves to my mind most forcibly, were not likely to be discovered in the expensive precincts of Bond Street—that springboard of virtuoso and showman.

Meanwhile our pots had been shown at various national and international exhibitions. At the invitation of a group of students of Harvard University, I joined with Murray, Cardew, Bouverie and Braden in a combined Anglo-Japanese individual potter's exhibition. It was spoiled,

however, by delays and by rough handling in the Customs, but I think it worthy of mention because of the newness and breadth of the idea.

When the remnants of this show went on to Japan a penetrating, disconcerting, half-hidden criticism found its way into a letter from the leader of the craft movement: "We admire your stoneware [in the Oriental mode] but we love your English slip-ware—*born, not made.*" That sank home, and together with the growing conviction that pots must be made in answer to outward as well as inward need, determined us to counter-balance the exhibition of expensive personal pottery by a basic production of what we called domestic ware.

Student apprentices followed one another at intervals of about a year apiece. In 1930 my eldest son, David, decided against University and for a potter's life. My second son, Michael, also worked with me for a time. Besides long-term apprenticeship, which is the only real way of learning a craft, we did have short courses, which more than one hundred must have attended at one time or another.

In 1933 I went to teach, part-time, at Dartington School, leaving David in charge for a month or two at a time. The Elmhirsts built a small pottery unit for me at Shinner's Bridge, in which I developed the English slip-ware technique, using the chocolate-coloured Fremington clay from North Devon, which is the same as that used at Lake's Pottery, Truro—the last of the traditional Cornish kilns.

My old companions of art in Japan, particularly those associated with what had become a national craft movement, invited me in 1934 to revisit them and work in their several centres for a year. Leonard and Dorothy Elmhirst felt that such an invitation should not be refused, and they financed my journey. This is no place in which to attempt to describe the happenings of that year. As far as work was concerned it was the fullest and most rewarding in my life, and humanly in sharpest possible contrast to the terrible apparition of Japan which war has brought to the mind of the West. With Hamada at Mashiko, Tomimoto in Tokyo, Kawai in Kyoto, and Funaki in Matsue, and in three other potteries, the pots and drawings were done for eleven exhibitions. Besides that, with Yanagi as leader, we travelled four thousand miles collecting examples of folk art, planning, lecturing, criticizing. This work resulted in the promise of adequate funds for the building and maintenance of a beautiful National Museum of Folk Art. This building and its contents fortunately escaped damage from incendiaries during the bombing of Tokyo.

Whilst I was in the East David was sent to Stoke Technical College for a two-year course, and St. Ives was left in charge of Laurie Cookes and



Harry Davis, who carried on the production of domestic slip-ware with great energy. Samples were taken by car far afield, personal contacts made, and the orders were carried out forthwith, involving sometimes half a dozen kiln firings without a break.

Some time after I got back I began to write *A Potter's Book* for Faber & Faber Ltd. At the same time I resumed potting and a little teaching of adults besides making periodic visits to St. Ives, where David was making a number of technical improvements, including the successful installation of oil-firing in place of wood in 1937. We gave up slip-ware in favour of stoneware, because it suits the conditions of modern life better and offers a wider field of suggestion and experiment. The following year we engaged our first two local apprentice lads. It was a good move.

In 1940 my book was published. Despite the war it has sold well, both here and in the U.S.A., and it has brought me friends and contacts with potters far and near. I am now working on a further book.

Late in 1940 I made St. Ives my headquarters once more in response to my son's appeal. Not only did he anticipate his "call up", but he was also feeling at a loss in interpreting my shapes and patterns at a distance of a hundred miles. By this time we had issued our first catalogue of domestic stoneware and ovenware as well as a tile catalogue.

One night in January, 1941 the pottery had the bad luck to get in the way of a parachuted land-mine intended for the nearest airfield, ten miles away. It fell in the garden, blew down George Dunn's cottage, and shook or sucked off slate roofs, glass, doors, etc., and broke pots, etc., to the tune of £2,000. Personal injury was light—what to do next was the problem. With difficulty we hired canvas to cover the pottery proper, but the house was condemned by St. Ives, Plymouth and Bristol (three times). Not only that, but we were blamed for the happening by local people, and we were not permitted to protest in the press that the pottery had *not* been signalling to German planes by kiln-fires! Eventually our Member of Parliament took the case up, and it was fairly and sympathetically reviewed by the Board of Trade, after three years' uncertainty, during which we had lost all but one of our workers to the Forces. Repairs were thorough, and we were even granted a special licence to make and sell outside "utility" regulations, and to employ seven workers—if we could find them! We did—twelve in all at different times—but only two or three partially trained, so production lagged.

We were granted David's release in November, 1945, old hands returned, and new ones want to come in unprecedented numbers. We are comparatively fortunate, but the war hit British craftsmanship hard. Out

of the two thousand or so craftsmen of peace-time (excluding rural crafts), there were at one time fewer than twenty workshops left. The thread of continuity upon which traditions of right making depend wore very thin during those six years.

Crafts such as pottery depend, as it were, upon a slow passage of time : the gradual transfer of the bodily knowledge of the right usage of material and the intimate co-operation of small groups of workers. Break those threads and disperse the men and their tools, and an heritage is lost for ever. This is one of the contingent tragedies of total war, and it is the more poignant because craftsmanship in its essence is the antidote of mass production, and the craftsman is the residual type of fully responsible workman.

At the Leach pottery we have aimed at a high common denominator of belief and in the sharing of responsibility and profits. By accepting the Cornish motto "one and all", and by making the workshop a "we job" instead of an "I job", we appear to have solved our main economic problem as hand-workers in a machine age, and to have found out that it is still possible for a varied group of people to find and give real satisfaction because they believe in their work and in each other. To me the most surprising part of the experience, which now covers about ten years, is the realization that—given a reasonable degree of unselfishness—divergence of aesthetic judgment has not wrecked this effort. When it comes to the appraisal of various attempts to put a handle on a jug, for example; right in line and volume and apt for purpose, unity of common assent is far less difficult to obtain than might have been expected.

The other thing it has done which I would like to mention is to lessen the inevitable dominance of Eastern shape and décor by the health-giving effort to answer *need*—the practical tea-pot, porringer, egg-baker and pitcher requirements of the English people who buy the pots.

In conclusion, I would like to refer to some deep-seated truths stated by John Farleigh, the President of the Arts and Crafts Society, in a recent lecture to the Royal Society of Arts. He dwelt on craftsmanship as an experience—as a way of life. He spoke of the equation of creative concept and its projection into and through material. He made the case for the modern craftsman whom he calls the fine craftsman. He stressed the timelessness and universality of the language of art, including the crafts : "In the timeless moments of creative execution the potter is guided by his material, clay, as much as he guides it." To which one responds feelingly and with unquenched hope, "life flowing for a few moments perfectly through the hands of the potter". Mr. Farleigh concluded with



the statement that "no civilization has been great without the culture which springs from free expression in the arts".

Creative work is an intensification and worship of life, and conversely no arts find expression without conviction and faith in its meaning and value, even if some contemporary expression appears to have a destructive character. For everyone to-day this is the underlying problem—the meaning and shape of the life ahead. The immediate outlook is dark enough, but the potential exceeds by far any historic precedent. Least of all can artists and other men of imaginative vision afford to be reduced to impotence through fear, for it is through their perceptions that the inchoate future falls into rhythm and pattern.

The educated craftsman ever since the time of Morris and Ruskin, let us say from about the middle of last century, has by force of circumstance, been more or less of an artist, that is to say, he had often received previous training as an artist, or as an architect. He follows a craft as a vocation for the enthusiasm of the thing made by hand to the best of man's ability. Whether it be pot or poem, painting, music or sculpture, the type of man and his processes of thought are much the same. The social circumstances which have thrown him up as a reactionary against the over-mechanization of labour at a certain stage following the Industrial Revolution, have been similar in all modern countries. This kind of man or woman is possessed of an insight into the epochs of man's culture and in his or her own workshop passes such influences through the mesh of personality.

Our problem is to preserve those qualities of concept, of material and of method, belonging to pre-industrial civilization which are still valid to-day, adding to them an individual responsibility and a width of outlook which is our peculiar Western inheritance. This constant straining after perfection in the thing made may either continue alongside industry, as a stimulus and example, or it may serve within the factory to redeem it from sheer commercialism.

We in England are the parents of industrialism. As such we have had more time to observe the effects of mechanization and to begin to take its measure. It is but just that the evils inherent in the misuse of science should be understood and countered first by us. All over the East, all over the world, in fact, the same thing is, or has been, taking place. Broadly, the same sequence of events follows close upon the establishment of factories or the large-scale importation of mass-produced goods; local handcrafts are displaced, the close contacts between maker and consumer, between heart and hand, man and material, art and life, all

these are forgotten or lost in a very few years. The fabric of life is torn, faith weakens, culture itself—the soul of a people—disintegrates.

The artist-craftsman should be the natural source of contemporary applied design, whether he works in conjunction with industry or prefers, as most of us do, to carry out our ideas in clay, cotton, wood, glass, metal or leather, etc., mainly with our own hands and at our own tempo. The hand is the prime tool and it expresses human feelings intimately ; the machine for quantity, cheapness and, at best, a marvellous efficiency, but it turns man into a modern slave unless it is counterbalanced by work which springs from the heart and gives form to the human imagination.

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## CHARLES LEE

H. J. WILLMOTT

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WHEN Mr. Sven Berlin writes [in the first number of *The Cornish Review*] that he has found Cornwall among the most primitive of places, he says plainly and truthfully what some say furtively for fear of giving offence. Yet there is nothing offensive in the description. The long peninsula (still remote from the rest of England), the bare granite moorlands and their craggy tors, Stone Age and Iron Age remains, round barrows, hut circles and monoliths, traces of the habitations of ancient but not quite uncivilized man ; the sea-thrashed coastline and the little ports where the fisher-folk and their neighbours still live a kind of tribal life in mingled co-operation and conflict with sea and weather—this environment and the elemental forces have moulded the character of the Cornish people. It is not surprising, therefore, that they combine strength and ruggedness of character with an innate shrewdness and cunning, naivety with subtlety, fire and ice in the same temperament, taciturnity with a love of rhetoric, candour with caution, and open-heartedness with an ability to shut up oyster-like in an instant if the visitor seems about to take a liberty. It is in the sense of belonging to one of the oldest surviving racial elements of which the British people are compacted and living in the most anciently civilized and industrialized part of the British Isles that the Cornish people can be described as primitive—as Mr. Berlin and many another creative artist and creative writer have discovered.

This is all of importance in considering the work of Charles Lee. Between fifty and sixty years ago, in his early twenties, he came to West Cornwall to study the Cornish people, to live side by side with Stanhope Forbes, Chevallier Tayler, T. C. Gotch, Frank Bramley, the Birches

(Lamorna and his namesake) in Newlyn. Whether Mr. Lee came to Cornwall in order to gather material for novels—for he disclaims any intention of being a creative writer—or whether he regarded himself as a kind of literary anthropologist, in the result he wrote several short novels about the people among whom he stayed and came to love and understand. The remarkable thing about him and his work is that he has not written a novel since he completed the long unfinished *Dorinda's Birthday* nearly forty years ago ; nor, so far as I know, has he written any book that is not Cornish. Mr. Lee is one of the rare examples of a born writer, whose work has an enduring quality, who has confined himself to one county and whose creative talent flowered only in his young manhood. Perhaps he was wise in disbudding any later growth ; in rejecting the temptation to go on writing according to pattern after the first freshness of his talent had faded or become—as with some writers—fat and flabby. Yet how big a hand he has had in helping to get other writers' works published it would be difficult to hazard ; he reads for a distinguished publishing firm, and his pleasant Hertfordshire house (where I have been privileged to meet him and his wife) still proclaims by its name—Lanvean—his love of Cornwall. Indeed, the name Lanvean testifies to his delight in the village of Mawgan-in-Pydar, where he lived for a year. There he was organist at the beautiful tree-girt church, so rich in its memorial brasses, and notable also for the four-sided, elaborate cross of cataclewse stone in the churchyard : each of the sacred figures carved within its arch of the lantern-stone. Mr. Lee had so happy a year at St. Mawgan, where he was a friend of the Brydges-Willyams family, that he named his house after a St. Mawgan place name. And it is not difficult for those who know the village and his stories to see the influence of St. Mawgan in at least one of his idylls.

Rather as the careful Arnold Bennett did in his passion for accuracy in description and dialogue, Mr. Lee took notes of what he saw and of the gossip he heard as he sat in the cottages where he stayed. It was as “ a chiel amang ye takin' notes ” that, as a mixture of reporter, anthropologist and literary artist, he recorded Cornish people's habits, their nuances and tricks of speech, and so gave his tales their authentic savour. From this mass of notes in his pocket-books he selected the material for his stories. There must be an immense variety of notes which have never been, and perhaps never will be, published—just as he has cast into oblivion an old story of his, published in an almost forgotten magazine, in which he wittily dealt with some of the figures of the Newlyn art colony in the 'nineties. It is true, I think, that Mr. Lee was most sure of himself and his gift for

delineation in rendering into his precise prose the lives, customs, habits of speech, and fun and games of the working and lower middle-class people of Cornwall. Clear-cut as is his portrait of Mrs. Pollard, who is *The Widow Woman*, she is rather a figure of fun. Indeed, in his limning of his women characters, Mr. Lee is less kind than in presenting his men : but yet the women in his stories live quite as vividly as do the men.

*The Widow Woman*, that diverting novel of prosaic middle-aged love, convinces most of its readers—it convinced even Q himself—as an authentic cross-section of life in Newlyn between fifty and sixty years ago. Mr. Lee does more than that. He shows us the set pattern for behaviour in the Newlyn (Pendennack) of that time ; and it was because the conduct of the comfortably bodied and moneyed Mrs. Pollard—a little like that of the female spider in setting out to capture a new mate—was against the accepted code in its ritual that she failed. How could she expect that the younger widower John Trelill would prefer her, wealth and all, to the servant maid Vassie ? Well might Uncle Billy Jenkin, whom Mrs. Pollard had rejected in favour of John, complain, “ Mis’ Pollard, your conduct edn’ but light ”. Her conduct would have undermined the social values and altered the sexual standards of life in Pendennack.

That pattern had not then been destroyed. It had something to do with Methodism—or rather, with the emotional vitality of Cornish people, of which Methodism was an ordered expression and vehicle for spiritual experience. There was a proper way of courting, whether the lovers were young or middle-aged. The married man shaved on Sunday morning, before church. The man who was thinking of looking for a wife shaved on Saturday night ; it was important that he should present a clean, smooth face to the girl of his choice : and that is how Mrs. Pezzack discovered John’s intention towards Vassie, from which he is almost dissuaded by his comical virago of a sister, Mrs. Poljew. The ritual was, as it were, almost tribal ; woe betide any who tried to flout the conventions. If it fitted Methodism, so also did the delight in food which Mrs. Pollard had prepared—“ bilet fowl and bacon ”—to show proper respect to the man and the occasion. But all to no purpose.

It was of *The Widow Woman* that Q wrote, in his preface to *Cornish Tales*, how he opened the book at home “ and hailed at once a writer who could use our speech as we natives use it, understand our ways generally, who—perhaps above all—justified himself as an artist ”. Q’s praise must bring us to some consideration of Charles Lee as a stylist. A modern critic has blamed him for a facetious humour which obtrudes upon the humour of the story and for holding up the action of the story by a display of literary

affectation. But that is to blame a writer for being in harmony with his age : the late Victorian age when Englishmen had not lost the occasionally pompous sense of dignity with which the Victorians showed that they were men of consequence in the world. Anyhow, in Cornwall you do not even now use the method of the direct approach ; you go to Paradise by way of Charing Cross ! In a more leisured age the indirect method had its uses ; moreover, it was not mere cleverness but rather a proof of his true-ness to the temperament—the often oblique mind—of Cornish people that Mr. Lee delayed the action of his stories by his wit and by that display of flowery eloquence in which the Cornish take some delight even now.

That, after all, is half the art of *Our Little Town*. In this short novel—or series of episodes, any of which could stand alone and yet seem complete in itself—Mr. Lee let the comic spirit play many pranks to disturb the relations of the men and women, married and single, of Porthjulyan, which is Portloe so thinly disguised that you might still discover Penticost's and the place where James-over-to-Shop dwelt with his wife. This to-ing and fro-ing between the sexes, even the "battle" of the Amazons (for the women of Porthjulyan attacked their menfolk in that citadel of exclusive masculinity, Penticost's cobbler's shop), is almost like a kind of bird display in the breeding season. And in one of his stories Charles Lee does describe the curious courtship display of the oyster-catcher to illustrate his understanding of the art of courtship in Cornwall. Yet, by a contradiction, while the men ran after the women in Mr. Lee's Cornwall, it was the women who were emotionally and mentally the inferior of the men. Though, as old Uncle Hannibal (who makes all too brief a comical appearance in *The Widow Woman*) says, "When a chap an' a maid do come together, chap shuts his eyes tight : maid aupens hers a bit wider. How should a chap look to have a chanst ? Man's human, but woman's woman—'at's what I'd say in my smart way."

Courtship leading to marriage is a sixfold ritual, and Mr. Lee convinces us that it was this ritualistic pattern of behaviour in courtship and marriage which made for stability ; certainly marriage founded on passion lacks stability, however romantic it may appear to the audience. The Priapean impulses were kept under control by this methodism in sexual selection ; only the misfits rebelled against the ritual, and suffered as misfits must.

Nevertheless, as we see by the mass philandering, and male and female display, at St. Hender in Mr. Lee's lovely idyll *Dorinda's Birthday*, once a year, on feast day, romantic passions were given a few hours' liberty. In this delectable tale, which Q thought not unworthy of comparison with Thomas Hardy's *Under the Greenwood Tree*, and I have compared with



Jefferies' *Amaryllis at the Fair*, Dorinda, on her seventeenth birthday, has an almost incredible sequence of amatory adventures. But she finds she had better stick to Hubert—even although she did cause him, in the tower, to jangle the church bells in the ringing festival. The celebrated "snake walk" which was St. Hender's own method of giving Priapus an airing, under the general vigilance of the village, is even now practised at one Cornish hamlet only a few miles from the original village of St. Hender. It is known as the "serpentine walk"—and perhaps still has its traditional use in letting the young people meet and laugh and walk together, under the eyes of their propriety-observing elders. I am sure that the people of Rosenannon up on St. Breock Downs, like the men and women of Rupert Brooke's Grantchester, do all they ought and observes the rules of thought in upholding the proprieties!

Of all Mr. Lee's stories *Paul Carah, Cornishman* is most nearly the pure novel: though that was, as it were, taken down at Coverack. This story of the homecoming of the long-absent seafarer, who can't get back on terms with his fellow Porthveanians and will not allow himself to be completely caught by the young woman whose widower father gives him lodging, is well worth reprinting; though, as Q wrote of it, there is no necessity to add "Cornishman" after the name in the title, for the story and the characters are all Cornish enough. As in nearly all Charles Lee's stories, there is a distrust of letting the heart direct the affections. This is apparent, also, in the short story *Mr. Sampson*—the man who takes a cottage next door to two spinster sisters who come to quarrelling over him; but Mr. Sampson, too, doesn't trust his heart—"mazy old organ, b'lieve", he says. Mr. Lee makes his Cornish folk trust their intelligence rather than their emotions in arranging their lives: that leaves to the chapel the emotional excitement which, in more sophisticated communities, is apt to be the unsafe directive impulse in sexual selection.

The bibulous sketch *Pascoe's Song*, the fragrance of *The White Bonnet*, the irony of *The Strong Man* who pretended he wasn't, the naïve fun of Thyrsa Theophila Trounce, whose "news-letters" to the local paper can still, almost, be matched—they are the very poetry of English misusage!—are other tales of this land which Mr. Lee, as much as Q, found so delectable. Cornwall did something for Charles Lee that it has done for many another sensitive writer and artist: it liberated his spirit in these tales which are so near to perfection. Perhaps he was right in ceasing to write when he did—before his talent staled and while his stories had all freshness, youth and enchantment in them to give them their tunable qualities.



## PORTRAIT OF NEWQUAY

J. F. HEWISH

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**A**ND why a portrait of Newquay? Perhaps interest should be confined to the more typically Cornish, the more picturesque. Newquay is Cornwall's largest and most popular resort, and that, in the eyes of many, is its worst characteristic. But Richard Carew of Antony, in a brief comment in his *Survey*, said "and nor must I omit new Kaye". He was faintly ironic, for he continues: "Whose neighbours attempted to supply the defect of nature by art, in making there a Kay, for the Rode of shipping, which conceit they still retayne, though want of means, or the place, have left the effect in Nubibus."

Much surf has plunged upon the glorious circle of Newquay's many bays since then, and we might say that the attempts to supply the defects of nature by art have been almost disastrous. It is the natural that now saves the vilely unnatural, and reversing Carew's pithy remark, Nature remedies the defects of Art. The sea purifies and somehow absorbs the growths that cluster to its very marge.

To those who know Newquay there are two towns, the real, which is mainly the progeny of the fertile inbreeding of hotels, struggling and jostling and developing in ribbons, contending with violent growth of wings and windows for each inch of sea view, and the Newquay that might have been. This is a planner's dream, and few of this kind seem to come to reality nowadays. Perhaps in this remote place, had some visionary realized its possibilities in time, the justification of all planners might have arisen. Almost a mile behind the unmatched coastline and beaches, a green and golden belt never to feel the impact of brick, in the Trenance valley there might have been a town that in setting of sublimity might have contended with the world. But real towns do not begin like this, and Newquay, as Carew suggests, had its rather dim origins in the coastal

trade, and in pilchard fishing. There are few pilchards caught nowadays. Once, and much less than a century ago, there were pilchard cellars in many nooks around the harbour, and even now shelters and perhaps boat-houses are still called locally by the names of the pilchard boats, "Fly", "Good Intent" and "Active". These names are still to be seen upon some of the Ordnance Survey maps. The older part of the town, that has somehow preserved its integrity, breathes faintly in the narrower streets a suggestion of former days. The harbour is as it was, and in some of the houses in Fore Street it is possible on summer afternoons when the doors are open to look through to the blue sea beyond. There are prints of sailing ships in those small rooms, and one remembers a tea party on the balcony above the harbour. A retired skipper as host, splits and cream, and a white, tame herring-gull that came close nervously and beaked up the fragments. There were more real seafarers in the town even ten years ago, they still potted in boats in the harbour, and recalled the days of sail. The only coastal trade now is in holiday-makers, an hour round the bay; this sea is formidable enough for any visiting stomachs to realize that Cornish tripping on the north coast is different. When it really blows, and this is frequently, it is necessary to remain in the harbour.

One of the predominant memories of Cornwall to one who has grown up there, the glimpse that is the centre of a nebula of emotion, is of a sloping road and small stone houses, that frame blue water. Newquay has many of these saving glimpses, especially in the older part of the town, in Bank Street and East Street and in the roads about the harbour. A terrace here and a lane there, not worthy of notice in themselves, yield a sudden picture, and one says, "How Cornish!". The sea absorbs and reflects, giving individuality to what would be quite featureless.

Newquay is mentioned in the earlier books upon Cornwall as being formerly called Towan. The beach nearest to the centre of the town derives its name from this, which means in the original language an area of blown sand, and the locality must have consisted in early days of such a region, and the present beautiful golf links remains to suggest its nature. Tales are still told of how the inhabitants tore up the foundations of one of the large outlying hotels; the space was used for drying nets, and some modern planners might have approved, though for a different reason. Newquay in ancient times was only a village in the parish of St. Columb Minor, with no church of its own. The present large parish church was intended for a rapidly expanding town. Coastal coal and pilchards have been replaced as industries by the holiday-makers, and Towan Beach looks like a local Coney Island in August.

Beaches are the feature for which Newquay is memorable, long shining beaches that extend in every direction. North to Watergate and Mawgan Porth and westward to Perranporth. They are illimitable in variety and charm. Fistral, with its splendid sweep and awe-inspiring surf, Tolcarne, Great Western, and crowded Towan. They seem to get even finer as one moves away from the town. Even in the height of the season there is room for solitude, if one is prepared to walk or bus for a short distance, and for the more ambitious there are solitary bays waiting to be taken possession of for a season, and that the minds of children can possess like a Paradise. There is surely nothing like this in England. Above Padstow and Trevoze the coast is less friendly, the cliffs offer nothing but the sea, and shelters like Port Isaac exist by the sufferance of Nature only. And southward there is only St. Agnes and the darker beaches of the Perran tin lode. The strength of the surf and the character of the cliffs together have created the Newquay beaches. On the north coast the sunshine falls principally from behind to illuminate the sea, thus there is a scientific reason for the colouring that is the charm of North Cornwall. The cliffs themselves are variegated and are mosaics of abstract pattern and subtle colouring where the sun strikes, especially in the more horizontal lighting of winter. Entering the town by the main road in the evening, the bays and headlands extend in the distance almost to St. Agnes beacon. The headlands are similar in shape, Towan, Pentire and West Pentire and each of the latter have detached rocks to seaward, called the Goose and Chick. The environs of Newquay give the locality a flavour that the town itself lacks, with the deep and lochlike tranquillity of the Gannel estuary at full tide, where the sea at spring tides enters so swiftly. This estuary and the bay of Crantock, with its fierce surf, take on a unique melancholy in the late summer and autumn, with the brown headland slopes and the wide and deserted beach. Crantock and West Pentire are pervaded with the noise of the surf, it becomes a part of the walls of cottages and of lanes and hedgerows near the sea. It is not so difficult, then, to believe the stories that were current in the Newquay of fifty years ago, of the dreadful screams of the Gannel Crake that, according to different versions of the tale, drove the listener mad or presaged a death at sea. Not so difficult either to hear the bells of the lost city beneath the Perran sands. It is strange how this seems to be one of the perennial legends, occurring in many places. It suggests comparison with the Lyonesse story or the legend of Debussy's "Cathedrale Engloutie". The oratory of St. Piran did appear strangely from the sands in the last century, and visiting it is one of the popular long walks from Newquay. St. Carantoc

figures slightly in Cornish Arthuriana. On one farm shed in Crantock the figurehead from a wreck may be seen. It is now the lintel of a doorway, and the cob wall presses deathlike on the wooden breasts.

Going in the northward direction there is the impressive and narrow bay of Porth, once a port, and where traces of the submarine forest still appear on the beach. In the cliffs of Porth Headland are huge caverns, only to be reached at low tide, and where one remembers the pre-war concert parties by candlelight. Beyond is bay after bay—Watergate, where the sands extend for miles, and Mawgan Porth, narrow and frowned upon by cliffs.

A portrait should perhaps show in its delineation the passage of time. For those who can remember the earlier days, it is evident that Newquay has not improved, except in size. The hotels may extend, but do not become more beautiful. The ugly tetter of hoardings and the cult of the snack bar, and the blue gigantic dance hall, are evident. One notices with regret the enclosure of even more land on lovely Pentire for building. Nobody knows better than a Cornishman the magic of a seascape en-framed in his own window, but the price of his sea view is sometimes heavy in the currency of the spirit. Hotels are worth much, and this is evident to the native, who has watched some of the best of his locality disappear. These reflections are strangely necessary in an age that conceives apparently unrealizable dreams of green belts and preserved headlands.

In the winter, Newquay hotels are illuminated briefly at Christmas, and the town is more Cornish and tranquil. Crowds gather in the Central Square in Saturday gloaming to discuss football results, and one might, listening to the talk, be in any country town, in Bodmin or Truro. The red eye of Trevoise Light winks across the bay, and the noise of the surf is more noticeable in the quiet evening.

Turning for an instant from the exterior of the place, the iridescence of the bays has been matched of late by varying colours in its cultural life. Newquay has had for many years an active Amateur Dramatic Society, whose productions have made up in competence for perhaps some lack of ambition in the kind of drama produced. This society, the old guard of Newquay's dramatic interests, has had since the war years, when, in common with many other places, the town felt the impact of the fantastic wartime renaissance, an ally in the Arts Council sponsored Society of Arts. Winter evenings in convenient hotel lounges see keen gatherings to discuss music, drama and literature. The town is now within the orbit of the concerts by visiting artists. Some notable evenings since the Society of Arts was formed have been filled with presentations of ballet, one-man Shakespeare, and even such cultural rarities as dramatized border ballads.

The tempest of opinions that forms around modernism in the visual arts has been heard among the other winds about a well-known cliffside hotel, where an exhibition of modern paintings was recently shown. Perhaps more conventional, the St. Ives school hold an annual exhibition in Newquay.

A pleasant memory of the 'thirties recalls the Cornish Shakespearian festival on the terrace of a private house on Pentire headland, with Malvolio's cross-garterings gleaming in brilliant sunshine. Such a setting for romance could not often be found, the sea-coast of Illyria indeed, and the crying of gulls blended not unsatisfactorily with the honeyed lines of Shakespearian comedy.

Cornwall abounds in fine cathedral-like churches, and St. Michael's long, firm austerity was derived from Cornish tradition by its architect, J. N. Comper. The colour it so badly needed has recently been provided by the fine lady chapel window and a lavish altar frontal. The allegorical tradition was not long ago revived in the church hall, with a dramatized adaptation of *The Pilgrim's Progress*.

During the extent of the season the town takes on the function for which it has refreshed itself in winter. The beaches fill alternately with tides and holiday-makers. There is nowhere, except perhaps Perranporth, where the surf-riding is so good as on Fistral beach. After a hot day the sea at Towan beach may be entered, as inviting and warm as milk. Rock pools contain fish with big heads, blennies and prawns, and the reflected faces of children. Headlands and sunbathers brown together. The old Huer's House on Towan headland, where the herald of the pilchard shoals blew his horn, is now climbed to give a fine view of the circle of bays. Building extensions on the way to St. Columb Minor, once a pleasant walk through fields, take on a more genial character in the sunshine, almost Mediterranean. The sea glitters in all the peeps from the town. There are few trees in North Cornwall, and the seaward side of Newquay is especially bare of the palms that give a different atmosphere to Falmouth and Penzance. Sunshine is necessary to its individuality. Newquay remains a varied, straggling, but still lovable locality, fanatically upheld by those who know it, with the turbulence of Cornwall's worst or best resort, depending upon the point of view. Busy in summer and as quiet as the deserted lounge of an hotel in the winter months, and not easily dismissed from the minds of those who remember an August on Fistral beach or a winter's afternoon on the headlands of Holywell or Bedruthan.

## The Lighthouse

ASSUMING turn of duty from the day,  
The lighthouse flashes intermittent light,  
Which carves the Cornish sky, then dies away  
And leaves behind the emphasis of night.

Doctors of Calvinistic chemistry  
Resolve our virtues, sins, our lives, our whole,  
To vile predestination of the glands.  
Their lens reveals invisibility,  
Intangibles touch antiseptic hands,  
The indexed specimen's the human soul.

Man, on tormented odysseys of hate,  
Sees, with his sad and scientific eyes,  
Vast beams of hope and peril alternate,  
Nor looks for bearing from the ancient skies.

No longer trusts his navigating heart  
That regal movements of a hand sublime  
Have plotted him some final port of call,  
Since chance-fused molecules became the start  
Of meaningless trajectory through time,  
And left no point in compasses at all.

Give me my simple darkness, cries out man,  
Blind in the glamour of a million amps,  
Give me my darkness back, that I may scan  
My shadowed home by soft, mysterious lamps.  
Where are my genial gods, where are they fled,  
Before whose wrath the stiffest neck might bow,  
Who smiled on harvests and the vine-leafed head,  
Where are my kindly gods, where are they now?  
Must that sick fungus on the human brow,  
Must Jean-Paul Sartre play Jupiter instead  
To mirthless hedonists, obsessed with crime,  
Who crawl to death through putrid wastes of slime?

Life's landmarks gone, faith's beacons failed, distress  
Stammers through space its endless S O S.

ARTHUR CADDICK.



## Exile

COME creeping out of the bones  
 In the shallow quiet of night  
 Insinuate between the ticking of clocks  
 Pictures of a sunlit wall, a tree of such a shape  
 And the sound of streams,  
 Of grey land striped behind the plough,  
 Stones where wind brushes ceaselessly  
 The mattered tops of hills,  
 Those pale cliffs where come the summer gulls,  
 And in winter the knife-edge spray.  
 Years forgotten flood the closed eyes  
 And dead friendship warms in the sleeping blood.  
 Long sunken boats sail old accustomed courses  
 The hidden road strips to an ancient dust  
 Blown sweetly on the withered banks,  
 And all the full spring-tides behind  
 The suns of summer after summer in our own land  
 Ache in the flesh till the heart cries out :  
 Let there be again the young summers  
 And the sunshine, the gale and the tall grey rain  
 In the home place, and the heart's land.

BRET GUTHRIE.

## Carn Brea

THERE is treasure under these hills,  
 Chariots, orbs cast away,  
 Like a false god his weary Worlds of clay.  
 There is gold of the obliterated kings,  
 And the bruised glory of them still  
 Sighs in the heather of dead, noble things.

But, at the feet, mines, wrecked,  
 Moan their own losses loud,  
 Not royally, but hustled, as a crowd ;  
 A humbled, ruined tribe  
 Whose debased currency high Worlds reject,  
 And nothing for interment will subscribe.

MICHAEL GARDNER.



## Art

# PENWITH SOCIETY'S FIRST EXHIBITION

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AT the time it seemed a pity that the motives most secessionists had for leaving the St. Ives Society of Artists were hysterical and obscure. They looked neither backward at a disgraceful past nor forward to a constructive future. Rather, they looked at themselves—so often a revealing and salutary thing to do.

They found not merely that the spongy amorphousness of bad, really bad, painting can be physically overpowering but that sterility in the arts is poisonous (and this was just before Sir Alfred Munnings made that point patently plain to us). The few good paintings the St. Ives Society had to show then were relegated to a corner near the door, as if the painters who painted them were being forced to make the undignified exits of a number of loutish gatecrashers—gatecrashers who, anyway, had broken in on the wrong party. And looking thus at their own positions, they arrived, each artist more or less by his own route, at that most gentle of Marxian hypotheses that hostility is more vital than inertia.

But, wisely enough, the equally Marxian tactic of trying to make the dead live for the purpose of slaughtering it again was rejected as suddenly as it had been assumed, and the secessionists knuckled down instead to the sober task of forming their own society (The Penwith Society of Arts in West Cornwall), of giving it a President (Dr. Herbert Read), and a constitution, and of finding a gallery (Fore Street, St. Ives). So apparent lack of motive transformed itself quickly to one of solving at least an immediate problem, to start a new series of exhibitions.

The impression that the new society begins where the St. Ives Society ends is, I think, utterly false. The first of the Fore Street exhibitions opened on June 18th; and it needs to be regarded straight away as a complete unit in itself, demanding no outside reference, working, as it were, pyramidically from the broader bases of, for the most part, a healthy academicism to a sharp spearhead of experimental painting and sculpture.

Commenting on the possibility of such a theme showing itself, one of the Exhibition's organizers tacitly suggested that whatever in the way of unification might emerge must be allowed to emerge naturally, unforced. The comment is particularly just. This very first exhibition (allowing for a few canvases of the kind one refuses to look at a second time, inevitable with a largish and partly parochial membership) demonstrates a truly astonishing unity.

The tone of the Exhibition as a whole is incredibly modest. But to explain this sense of unity by alluding to the Exhibition's mutedness is quite superficial, is to reveal oneself incapable of registering its subtler airs. Its modesty springs from a more profound sense of confidence, that the experiments of the last century are slowly being absorbed by a single and vital tradition. Notice that the chasm which twenty years ago would have divided the classical austerity of Ben Nicholson's three canvases from that literary and romantic horse of Bryan Wynter's horse is closing, for no better reason than they are not any more *fundamentally*, but only *theoretically* incongruous. Notice also that the John Wells' landscapes can be seen at last in all the quietude that is their essence, like moths folding their wings. And it is worthwhile moving from W. Barns-Graham's oil of Tregetheren to David Haughton's oil of Zennor and his "Georgia Hill", thence to Nicholson once again. And it is equally worthwhile seeing Peter Lanyon and Wells in their intimate thematic relation to Barbara Hepworth's two carvings in wood.

DAVID LEWIS

#### STANHOPE FORBES MEMORIAL EXHIBITION

A memorial exhibition of works by the late Stanhope A. Forbes was opened by Sir Alfred Munnings at the Art Gallery, Newlyn, on May 28th, when a bronze plaque designed by the Rev. A. G. Wyon, the sculptor Vicar of Newlyn, was also unveiled. This has been placed beside the door of the famous little gallery in which so much of Stanhope Forbes's work was first exhibited and from where it went to some of the most important picture galleries all over the world.

It is not easy to make the younger generation of artists see the value of their predecessors' work, especially when the words "academic" and "traditional" are taken, as so frequently at the present time, to be synonyms, which they are not, and when solipsism, discounted now in philosophy, is still taken as the philosophic background of so-called

"modernism". It is not easy, either, to show the real glory of Forbes, for, as Sir Alfred Munnings said in his opening speech, the greatest pictures of Forbes are scattered abroad in the art galleries of England and the Commonwealth. Nevertheless, the memorial exhibition at Newlyn has brought together a collection which, for variety and richness, is beyond the capacity of most artists of the present day. It shows him as a great portraitist and as a great landscape painter. The portrait of the late Edward Bolitho is a masterpiece, and so also is the portrait entitled "The Musician", while the landscape "Autumnal Load", with its rich atmosphere and sure strokes, is a superb piece of work. A number of small studies, some for larger pictures, are gems, impressionistic and yet sure in touch, unaffectedly posed and lovely in colour. Of these I would single out "Old Penlee" and "Breton Woman" as particularly good. Stanhope Forbes had his first picture hung in the Royal Academy in 1879, and had an almost unbroken series of contributions on its walls until his death in 1947. He was born in 1857, and worked in Newlyn practically for the whole of his painting life. Sir Alfred Munnings paid him a great tribute, and called him a great master whose work will live, and he instanced the skill in the painting of the horse in the "The Smithy". In his own day Forbes was a "modern" and a rebel, and his work aroused great controversy. He was one of the first—certainly the first in the West Country—to paint his pictures wholly out of doors and direct from nature instead of merely making sketches on the spot and then working them up in the studio. No painter has been his superior in the manipulation of sunlight, or in the contrasting of artificial light against it. He was one of the most important painters of his time.

WALLACE NICHOLS

### MISOMÉ PEILE

The cardinal quality or personal trait in the exhibition of recent water-colours and brush drawings by Misomé Peile, on show at the R.W.S. Galleries (May 18th to June 4th), off Bond Street, is what one might term a *motif* of elegance.

This signature which the artist has written, without ostentation, but with a clear sureness over the face of twenty landscape pieces, is most purely evident in the way in which she treats of foliage (as in "Tree Tracery" or "The Five Birches"). To say that her manner of handling leaves and branches owes no small debt to the Japanese would be to suggest that her painting of these objects was far more stylized than it is ;

for although at her best (as in "Wittenham Clump") she achieves a fine precision of line, the degree of formalization present does not serve to kill the original shape. Her general approach may thus be described as one of disciplined naturalism—a naturalism modified by just demands of form. It is possible, too, that the ghost of Whistler has sometimes stood at the painter's shoulder ; but the gracile properties of this master are seen here without their twilight trimmings, their elegiac nostalgic dress. Indeed, if one imagined a later Whistler, enamoured of sunshine, lucidity and light, as the former was obsessed with evening or the dusk, some faint impression of this artist might be gathered.

Miss Peile's twenty brush drawings, also on view, seem in a somewhat different mode. They were painted "behind the scenes" of performances of the Adelphi Guild Theatre, when they toured Cornwall. Also included in the exhibition are more imaginative drawings, including "The Toll of the Sea", symbolizing a Commando tragedy off the St. Ives coast, the "Flight of the Gables", based on a fire at Hampton's factory at St. Ives, "A Wet Sunday in St. Ives" and "Jersey Vision".

DEREK STANFORD

#### GERALDINE UNDERELL

It is unfortunate that the exhibition of photographs by Mrs. Geraldine Underell, F.R.P.S., at the Arra Gallery, Mousehole (from May 18th to June 14th), will have ended by the time this review appears in print, for they are excellent and worth going a long way to see. Of the forty-seven shown, all except four are in black-and-white. More than half are portraits or landscapes with people appearing in them ; the others are mainly pictures of the sea, snow scenes, and some delightful cat photographs.

Mrs. Underell has that knack of giving an impression of movement in her pictures, which photographers so often miss. She seems to do it by concentrating on a few firm lines of contrasting darkness and light, which are broken occasionally by children, cats, trees, etc. Sometimes the result is rather like that of an abstract painting—as, for example, in the photograph called "A Ceaseless Rhythm", entirely of water, quiet or frothing, in which half a dozen lines meet near the centre, and there is the reflection of a pale sun just above. She has other ways, of course ; one of her finest photographs [reproduced in this issue] shows an opalescent cloud of smoke rising above the houses of Mousehole, two boys in the foreground, the light just catching their caps. The portraits, too, are very good, and

Mrs. Underell knows how to choose a face. "Johnny Jenkins" has a touch of the Baker in *The Hunting of the Snark* about him; "Bill Bluett", a local celebrity, grins whilst he lights his pipe; in "Meditation" one sees a monklike face emphasized by the cowl covering his head, and only slightly darker than the background.

The four colour prints shown are not so effective; but then, printing in colour is still a far more difficult process than taking a coloured negative. The two done by the Kodak dye transfer process are best, the colours of the Disneylike toy animals contrasting well. But the other two, both portraits, are not so good, and the reds and purples look horrible. However, Mrs. Underell is to be congratulated on the remarkable variety and technical mastery which her photographs show.

TOM EARLY

#### ROYAL ACADEMY SUMMER EXHIBITION

Between twelve and fifteen thousand works are submitted annually to the Royal Academy. From this vast number 1,379 exhibits comprise this year's Summer Exhibition. Included is the work of some sixteen artists who live or work in Cornwall. The exhibition represents so many facets of the tree of art that from this aspect alone it can hardly fail to be exciting. As always, whether the aesthetic value is obtained by implication and suggestion or by objective statement, the sympathetic beholder can share in the artist's achievement. Contrary to popular insistence that the R.A. is conservative in its outlook, the exhibition, if not experimental, is presented on progressive and catholic lines, and it is stimulating and unique to find an exhibition that reflects, with the aid of what one might call an international mirror, much that is great in British art.

Confining myself to the work of Cornish artists, those represented are Lamorna Birch, Midge Bruford, F. T. W. Cook, Olive Dexter, M. G. T. Holman, Gertrude Harvey, T. Maidment, L. Miskin, John Park, Charles Pears, Dod Proctor, R. Ragg, Leonard Richmond, David Cox, Adrian Ryan and Barbara Tribe. Gertrude Harvey's flower paintings have a sensitive unity of colour. Fleetwood-Walker's "Patsy", painted last summer in St. Ives, is a wonderful example of angels at work. Leonard Richmond's interior of a Chelsea studio, with its muted colour and narrow tone scale, has dignity and unity. John Park's work, so full of movement and life, expresses the artist's kinship with Nature. Miss M. Bruford's "Violet Pickers" is sensitive and luminous, having a painter-like broken

quality. Barbara Tribe shows a small but significant carving, while John Minton's "Harbour", provides this year's sensational picture.

Although there are few paintings in the exhibition that portray what one might describe as the Cornish element, it is good to feel that Cornwall has once again made its just contribution to one of the most important exhibitions of contemporary painting.

DAVID COX

### *THE OLD BARK HOUSE GALLERY*

St. Ives and Newlyn may have to look to their laurels as the recognized Cornish centres of art. Falmouth has recently staged an exhibition of contemporary painting, "The Artist in Cornwall", and now comes the news that The Old Bark House Gallery has been opened for the summer season at Polperro, showing some forty paintings, and a sculpture, by local artists. Polperro has, of course, always tended towards occupying the position of a minor St. Ives, since it has for a long time been the home of many artists and writers. The trouble has been that such a small place seems to have been swamped by so much superficiality, in the way of arty-crafty wares. The very name Polperro has seemed to acquire a touch of pretty-pretty, and this touch of the lush and picture-postcard element is still visible in some of the pictures at the new exhibition. Nevertheless, it is a very creditable move that Polperro is now to have a general exhibition, in addition to its numerous rather uncritical one-man shows.

A study of the paintings at The Old Bark House Gallery reveals individual works of talent, such as those of two exhibitors at this year's Royal Academy, Stuart Armfield and Frederick J. W. Cook, and the portraits of Emiline Stoke. It is pleasant, too, to come across the colourful West Indian studies of Sybilla Wightman, as a contrast to the predominating sameness of subject, namely Polperro. Here again, the painters of Polperro may learn from the mistakes of St. Ives. It is not essential because of living in or around a harbour to paint the same scene time and again. Part of the fresh life which has come to painting in West Cornwall can be attributed to the efforts of the modern younger painters to avoid the obvious, pretty-pretty paintings, and to search for the spirit and character of Cornwall among the lonelier moors, and the ever-changing coastal strips. If the thirteen painters of Polperro who form the first group of exhibitors at the new gallery will seek farther afield for their material, they may widen not only their own horizons but those of their viewers.

HENRY TREVOR



*ST. IVES SOCIETY EXHIBITION*

When the St. Ives colony split in two, many weeks before the Mannings-Matisse controversy enlivened the breakfast table of a jaded Britain, we looked forward with great interest to the Spring Exhibition of the St. Ives Society. Every member would, we thought, be a brave Horatio holding the bridge for the art of Arnesby Brown and Julius Olsson.

Alas ! Far from calling forth the faintest cheer from the ranks of Tuscany, the show disappointed some of the Society's loyallest supporters.

It illustrated only too obviously the policy, disputed by the "rebels", that a member's work should be accepted more or less automatically as one of the rights of membership. There were 153 works on view. After inspecting them, I went away feeling, rather dazedly, that this policy required as corollary the further right of members to be the only persons to see their work when it was hung. It would be extraordinary if the St. Ives Society of Artists, or any society of the size and kind, could produce 153 first-class, or even second-class, pictures for a quarterly show.

As it was, the work on view compared dismally with the previous exhibition, which had been smaller and more selective than usual, and with the Stanhope Forbes memorial exhibition at Newlyn, where every brush-stroke showed a brilliant technique. Perhaps it is the long influence of Forbes which explains why the Newlyn painters at the New Gallery offered, on the whole, a higher level of craftsmanship than their St. Ives colleagues. With a few exceptions, the only defenders of Sir Alfred's bridge were these Newlyn members and such St. Ives veterans as John A. Park, G. F. Bradshaw and Fred Bottomley.

I have one happy memory of this exhibition : the kind lady who rushed up to explain that the Sven Berlin carving at the entrance did not belong among the works on view. It was there, she said, merely because it had not been taken away.

J. H. MARTIN

*LAMORNA ARTISTS*

Held almost too late to permit the inclusion of a comment in the *Cornish Review*, the Exhibition of Paintings by Lamorna Artists at the Arras Gallery, Mousehole (showing till July 7th), is well worth the visit of those who may be surfeited with exhibitions on the St. Ives side of the Penwith peninsula. It is true that many of the exhibitors have shown work at St. Ives exhibitions : nevertheless, it is refreshing to find them anthologized into a show of their own, away from the cross-currents of the main battleground of the art colonies. And it may be a point of



interest to mention that at least two of the Lamorna artists—John Armstrong and Ithell Colquhoun—do not generally exhibit at St. Ives exhibitions (though both are established painters in a wider field than Cornwall). Their work does not seem to belong in any particular way to Lamorna. That of Lamorna Birch and S. H. Gardiner and Denys Law, on the other hand, springs essentially from the small but famous valley of Lamorna. Some day it would be interesting for the *Cornish Review* to publish a full-length study of the work of Birch—here there is only space to pay tribute to his matchless craft as a landscape painter and to pause in admiration of an artist who has pursued steadfastly, and with integrity, the path he chose. The work of most of his Lamorna contemporaries is considerably influenced by Birch, but that does not mean to cast aspersions on its originality. One notes, in particular, an interesting trend of Impressionism in Gardiner's new work. Birch and John Armstrong represent the cream of the exhibition, but there is varied work to suit many tastes, and it is to be hoped that the Arras Gallery will repeat this as an annual exhibition.

J. W. BROWN

#### SVEN BERLIN

At Sven Berlin's Summer Exhibition at Downing's Bookshop, St. Ives, the chief thing was the new big carving "Mermaid and Angel". As a transformation of the Leda swan legend this represents a considerable effort as a mythological conception ; and as such it has very moving details—the directness, the blatant reality of the Angel's great foot compared with the indefiniteness of his face and wing ; and the simplicity of the curve the Mermaid's body describes. (I don't think that when sculpture *has* a subject, criticism in these terms is illegitimate.) Because it is composed rather in the manner of late Rodin groups—figures only partly disengaged from the block—as a composition it is a little disappointing after the free-standing "Man with Children" and "Sleeping Figure" (both also shown), with their infinite complexities of silhouette. But much of its carving is extremely beautiful, the Mermaid's torso, for instance ; such live and sensitive surfaces are rare, most sculptors being content to give their all to the composition and bestow upon it a nice, all-over finish. Walking over Porthmeor beach, a few hours after visiting the show, I could only compare the surface of Berlin's carvings to that beautiful stretch of sand trampled into innumerable facets. By no means the least of Berlin's triumphs is that he can stimulate and modify one's plastic sense, as a good painter shows one how to see better.

DENNIS NEWTON

## Theatre

### THE REDRUTH SOCIETY

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THERE can be few amateur dramatic companies who would have the courage—some would say the folly—to take a London theatre and put on their own show in the heart of the West End. To travel nearly three hundred miles in order to do so, in the bargain, is entering the sphere of romance and adventure. Indeed, it is surprising that some London newspapers did not seize more on such a news angle in the recent one-week's visit to the Fortune Theatre of the Redruth Amateur Operatic Society. As it was, the play—*Tears from their Eyes*, by A. G. Davey, the Society's Secretary—attracted little general attention, and the Company's London "season" involved a heavy financial loss. This was not necessarily the fault of the play or Company: though rather pompously written, the dialogue shows shrewd touches and a sound knowledge of stage requirements, and the story was adequate, if conventional—while the acting of Gerald Curtis, William Ninnis, Hilary Heard, Jon Davey, and others, as well as Arthur Hendy's production, was of a high standard for amateurs.

The real question, of course, is whether an amateur company is well advised to put a show on in a large London theatre. On acting ability and the quality of the production, the Redruth Society has no more claim to a West End production than dozens of other good-class amateur groups all over the country. On the other hand, it was not entirely a voyage into the wilderness. Every performance was attended by parties of members of the London Cornish Association, and if the Redruth players are looking for a fair judgment on their venture, they would do best to consider the reactions of the London Cornish audiences. Undoubtedly those were good, and therefore, if only as a means of further binding together Cornwall and its many hundreds of exiles in London, the Redruth visit can be praised. It is difficult, too, to resist a sneaking approval of the sheer enterprise of the adventure, reminiscent of the Cornish spirit in days gone by—an assault on the capital! Taking a cold, sober view, however, it has to be

admitted that the capital went its own sweet way, and if the visit is to be repeated it might be wiser to take a less glamorous hall and set out to make it a Cornish-for-the-Cornish theatre season in London.

Of the activities of the Redruth Society in Cornwall there is no need to stint admiration. Since the end of the war the forty-year-old Society has enjoyed its most successful period. There has even been a claim that there has never been an empty seat since 1946 ! Last Christmas no fewer than nine thousand people attended the performances of the Society's first pantomime, *Cinderella*. Other productions of the recent past have been *The Vagabond King*, *Desert Song* and *New Moon*, and last month the Society presented its fortieth anniversary production, *Balalaika*. This witnessed the last appearance of the Society's leading man for more than twenty years, Arthur Hendy. It is largely thanks to Mr. Hendy's all-round abilities—he also produces and composes music (and is representative for Cornwall on the National Operatic and Dramatic Association)—that the Redruth Society has come to be regarded as perhaps the most vital of the Cornish operatic societies. Many tributes have been paid to him on the occasion of his retirement from performing, though it is emphasized he will continue to produce.

M. DANIELS

### THE MINACK THEATRE

"A theatre in which the Early Greek dramatists would have gloried" and "One of the loveliest theatres in Europe" are Press statements probably not fully endorsed by an audience cowering from an Atlantic mist while watching, enthralled, a grim Arthurian tragedy unfold among the giant granite cliffs which surround the little open-air Minack Theatre at Porthcurno, near Land's End. Fortunately, the weather has in most cases been fine for the performances of the seven or eight plays which have been given there. Then, with the sun-warmed rocks isolating the amphitheatre from all evidence of contemporary England, the half-moon of turf (about 90 feet above the waves) which is the stage might be a magic nowhere. Against a backcloth of the timeless sea, audiences may watch performances of the dramas with almost a "first night" sense of freshness.

The Minack Theatre was built (contrary to current guide book misinformation) in the spring of 1932—as a terrace in a private garden for an all-amateur production of *The Tempest*. The theatre came into existence largely owing to the energies of Miss Dorothea Valentine, who then

lived in St. Levan. Miss Valentine was actuated by her own great love of Shakespeare and a well-founded belief in the abilities of Cornish players. Subsequently, the beautiful open-air setting so captured the imagination of professional actors and producers that later productions became a mixture of local talent under professional guidance. Ernest Peirce, well known in Cornwall for his subsequent Shakesperian Company, produced *Twelfth Night*; and in 1937 Neil Porter produced a most successful *Antony and Cleopatra*. During the last season before the war a group of professional students, with a sprinkling of Porthcurno players, gave John Masefield's *Tristan and Isolde*, under the direction of Miss Violet Vanburgh and the American producer William Berssenbrugge.

The war wreathed the theatre in barbed wire and its pillars and balustrade were partly destroyed, the rest being removed by a film company, who used the theatre as a "location". These have now been replaced in order to welcome another young and ambitious company of Penzance students from the County and Grammar Schools, who are presenting Euripides' *The Trojan Women*, translated by Gilbert Murray, on July 26th, 27th and 28th. A Greek play has often been suggested as ideal for this sea-encircled stage, but none has been performed, and it will be most interesting to discover whether this form of drama is as affective as the more familiar Shakespeare plays. It is hoped that as a result of the new performances interest in the strange and beautiful little Minack Theatre will again be aroused. One project which might take shape is the formation of a permanent summer school of speech training. This would attract not only English but overseas students, who would, no doubt, welcome the privilege of studying all branches of dramatic art in such glorious surroundings.

D. M. ROWENA CADE.

### THE STUDIO THEATRE

The Studio Theatre at Camborne is not Cornish, save in its location. Its aim, put in the most simple terms, is to provide and maintain regular productions of plays of general interest in a small industrial community. That the district is not a prosperous one is generally admitted, and this has to some extent contributed to the difficulties with which the founders were confronted. However, although the venture has its roots outside the Duchy, the methods employed were from the outset unique, and demanded a tenacity and austerity usually associated with the Cornishman's character.

The theatre was contracted some two years ago from a derelict hotel in the centre of the town, an unhappy symbol of Camborne's former prosperity. The work of conversion was carried out almost entirely by the corporate efforts of the company. There was an indescribable sense of community, which in later stages was carried to the townsfolk, many of whom came forward to hasten the completion. The rebuilding was extensive, and some idea of the magnitude of the task will be grasped by the bare statement that the premises were practically rebuilt in fourteen weeks.

Audiences at Camborne have no preconceived ideas on the Drama. Some spade work has been done by various touring companies—notably the Adelphi Players in 1946—but for the most part the population has not seen live performances, and reactions have been interesting and at times disturbing. Play selection has in consequence been a matter of continual experiment, and we are still learning. In the main it must be admitted that the box office has frequently dictated the final choice, and works by Shaw and Ibsen follow infrequently those of Coward and Ian Hay.

Early in 1949 the theatre was forced to close down, but was reopened almost immediately. The new company, led by three founder members, is striving to recapture the spirit of enthusiasm with which the Studio was born. In order to meet the rigid economies forced upon them, members have once more become something of a self-sufficient unit, practising the crafts of carpenter, signwriter, costumier and printer alongside their professional calling. Recently a decision to abandon a policy of fortnightly repertory in favour of weekly productions has been taken with understandable reluctance, but it is an expression of the company's determination to put the theatre on a firm financial footing.

Unlike other companies in the county, the Studio Theatre Company cannot, nor does it wish to, rely upon the summer visitors to Cornwall. The aim is to establish the theatre as an integral part of the life of the community in which it is situated. To do this, it is felt, cannot be reconciled with visits to adjacent resorts during the holiday season. Nevertheless, the Company recognizes that all groups presenting drama in the district contribute directly to the widening of interest in the Theatre, and extends to them the hand of friendship and co-operation.

VICTOR L. THOMPSON.

## BOOKS OF THE QUARTER

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CORDELIA. By Winston Graham.

Ward, Lock & Co., 9s. 6d.

For his latest novel Winston Graham, who lives at Perranporth, presents a story of Manchester in the latter part of the nineteenth century. Those who have enjoyed Mr. Graham's recent series of Cornish historical romances (*Ross Poldark*, *Demelza*, *The Forgotten Story*), will perhaps regret his temporary desertion to another locality. There are few enough of modern authors, as it is, who can write so vividly about Cornish life of the past, bringing it to reality not as dull historical data but in the shape of such richly-created characters as *Demelza* and *Ross Poldark*, *Jud* and *Prudie*. The film world seems to have appreciated this, and one of the big companies has recently been filming *The Forgotten Story*, a tale of an old Falmouth barque.

However, it would be as dangerous for a lively writer like Mr. Graham to confine himself to writing only about Cornwall as it would be regrettable if he were to cease to do so altogether. In *Cordelia* he has chosen a setting—"the middle class Manchester of hansom cabs and horse buses and concerts at the Free Trade Hall"—which offers ample opportunities for the detailed portrait of atmosphere and behaviour at which he excels. Taking a tiny clue from nowhere, the words "*Cordelia*, 1869" carved on a mantelpiece, Mr. Graham lets his imagination run on, and evolves a high-spirited story of a mid-Victorian girl with a mind of her own who marries, with affection but without love, the weak son of a wealthy textile manufacturer. Although *Cordelia* is the central figure of interest, she is almost challenged for that place by the character of her father-in-law. As the book develops it is difficult to believe that the curiously complicated Mr. Ferguson is so very much the villain of the piece; and it is not altogether a surprise when he emerges with his stature unimpaired, and perhaps even (for the author does not make it quite clear) increased. In brief, the story is of the clash between *Cordelia* and her father-in-law,



against which her unsatisfactory marriage with Brook Ferguson seems mainly a background. Later Cordelia falls in love with a man whom one feels would have made her an altogether better match, but circumstances delay that romance—and delay is often a poison in itself.

There are several rather contrived situations in the book, which in any case is fairly conventional in its material. But behind it all there is enlightenment and shrewdness, and an adult attitude to life which it is pleasing to encounter. And in Cordelia, as in his earlier heroine Demelza, Mr. Graham creates the warm, passionate and independent sort of woman who would surely be most men's ideal.

DENYS VAL BAKER

THE WEST OF ENGLAND. *By Ruth Manning-Sanders.*

Batsford, 12s. 6d.

This is an unsatisfactory book, for reasons which would seem to be largely beyond the author's control. Miss Manning-Sanders is a delightful and gifted writer, and she has obviously devoted a great deal of her talent, as well as time, to this survey of the Scilly Isles, Cornwall, Devon and Somerset. But the mere physical limitations involved in cramming a survey of such a large area within 144 pages of text are enough to make any author's task an impossible one. Impossible, that is, from the point of view of satisfying a reasonable proportion of readers. For instance, in the section on Cornwall, Truro is dealt with in six lines; while in the section on Somerset, Yeovil receives eleven lines, of which six are devoted to a church. Miss Manning-Sanders herself, in an apologetic preface, anticipates this very criticism with the meek reminder "that it really was inevitable", and one accepts it grudgingly, knowing—as is obvious even from this abbreviated version—that Miss Manning-Sanders could have produced a much better book of 144 pages devoted solely to her home county of Cornwall. The choice, however, was presumably not hers, and it seems unfair to continue a criticism that is directed not so much at the author as at a publishing policy.

This point aside, it is necessary to say that Miss Manning-Sanders makes up for her omissions in some spheres by delightful personal wanderings and discoveries among the lesser-known spots of the West. It is interesting to note, in her section on Cornwall, that she, like Miss Anne Treneer in her recent *Cornish Years*, suggests that the "essential Cornwall" is the all-but-island of West Penwith.



"The sea is almost everywhere in sight, and always within hearing. In times of tempest its long roar fills earth and sky ; in times of calm the light winds carry its throb and rumble over fields and moors as if some giant were at work, threshing corn. The whole district is thick with folklore : the flat boulders on the moors are giants' "bob-buttons", the Logan rocks their quoits, the hill forts their castles, the water-worn hollows in the stones their bowls and cups, the long, flat rocks their beds and tables, and the massive lumps of granite that strew the hillsides bear witness to their ferocious battles. Trebiggan, Bolster, Wrath, Holiburn, Blunderbus—their names survive ; their huge shapes, received back into the earth that made them, sleep, turned to stone, among the hills and cliffs."

That is typical of many pages of distinguished prose with which Miss Manning-Sanders adorns this book. The illustrations, too, are first class, and have been selected with great care. An interesting book, but if the publishers really wanted to produce an adequate survey of the West of England, it should have been at least twice its present size.

VALENTINE EAMES

THE WHITE THRESHOLD. *By W. S. Graham.*

Faber & Faber, 8s. 6d.

"Poetry—meaning the aggregate of instances from which the idea of poetry is deduced by every new poet—has been increasingly enlarged for many centuries." To this enlargement W. S. Graham has made a valuable contribution in his new book, for it would seem that he has a poetic power arising from the suddenly appearing fountainhead of the real vital world of imagination, and a severe almost ruthless sense of construction. This kind of integrity has at last made him strong enough to move into his own orbit, and what he learned from his masters has been done without imitation. His music grows more from a sense of *language* as a moving force (like the sea) than from the orchestration of words as instruments—a language strongly Celtic and Gaelic. Meanings become experiences and are often caught by what I would call displacement of imagery, which is almost an idiosyncrasy of Graham's.

Such things as these lead us into his *created-world*, where one finds the equivalent of much beyond the shifting moment : sound, meaning, image and word by some miracle become one—

*"The winter strikes bright on Christ's walls and glass  
Stained into saints and lanterned all disciples  
Acting the Bible ghosts gone wild into fire  
At blind dust. I'll be a struck silence  
Fixed as the bell strikes the midnight dead still."*

Only when his muse sleeps will he crystallize awkward and unmeaningful shapes.

Graham is a poet who walks about, and we in our turn walk about inside his poems, instead of sitting on a Byronic hilltop. His poetic force moves: "The pacing white-haired kingdoms of the sea". Conversely, the sea itself (particularly the Cornish sea and the supernatural sea of Herman Melville) surrounds and permeates his work to a point of saturation, revealing a peculiar preoccupation with death by drowning which in some ways is associated with the mull of the moors and coves of Penwith.

*"Only one faint waif, the whipendmoon  
Makes a poor mile of light to swim  
The petrel-treaded gale of the land-trawled drowned."*

It seems to me that it is from this passion for the sea and the powerful love motif running through his work (but oddly, as yet, no tragedy) that Graham gathers much of his power as a poet. Merging his own roots from Scotland with those grown in Cornwall, his world is close in coloration and feeling to Sibelius—a Northern image of poetic truth. Despite its austerity, there emerges a direct innocence, which is only sometimes spoiled by sophistications of language, but very seldom by the quality of his experience. Watching his gradual growth to maturity, we welcome the simpler and more forceful "deductions of his instances" (and of the instances of the centuries) replacing the difficulties of earlier poems and revealing more clearly his genius.

SVEN BERLIN

THE SAGA OF JUDAS. *By Wallace Nichols.* Newman Wolsey, 6s.

Enshrined within royal blue cover and clear print is the mature thought of a poet who has been writing since his schooldays. Here Wallace Nichol's work rises to epic proportions, for this is a vein in which he excels. This long poem in traditional form avoids monotony by skilful variation of line and stress. In the writer's erudition and scholarship, allied to imagination and feeling, this strange and tragic character achieves a vivid personality. There are some finely sonorous passages as well as homely descriptions such as that of Judas's wife baking bread, and begging a portion of the betrayal silver. If the story unfolded in these rhymed stanzas appeared a trifle over-long, it may have been due to the personal preference of the present reviewer, whose favourite verse form is the short lyric—but there are lyrical qualities here in abundance.

Since Mr. Nichols is a verse-speaking expert, he must read his work aloud, then how could he condone "which is the play thou prologue'dst by a kiss"? It is a little unfortunate that such a sibilant, mannered word as "wasteness" should occur twice in one stanza. This may be quibbling, for in a long poem there are inevitably lines of lower quality than the majority, but they do not affect the standard of the whole, or the reader's enjoyment. The poem begins in a low key, but reveals a philosophy of hope as it reaches a climax and fitting end: "Death had not vaunted his cold circumstance in vain! Out of deep peace he heard a voice, the sole Voice"—

*"Even as thought may live but be unseen,  
So is the invisible life as deeply wrought  
As any planet in its flaming sheen."*

GLADYS HUNKIN

HISTORY OF GWENNAP. *By C. C. James.*

Published by Author, 15s.

Those who would represent the Cornish as misty-eyed Celts seeing visions and dreaming dreams forget that nearly every well-known Cornishman has made his name in exact and practical fields. Thus, Mr. C. C. James introduces us to an extraordinary number of Gwennap men who were inventors and to one forlorn poet, the schoolmaster William Francis, who sought to immortalize his parish in seven cantos:

*Note, if granite is near, it is a good sign  
When far distant therefrom lodes often decline.*

These biographical notes form the most interesting chapter of a book rich in interest for all who wish to know the astonishing history of Gwennap, which is vividly part of Cornwall's history. Gwennap has yielded minerals worth £10,000,000 sterling. Between 1823 and 1840 the parish produced over a third of all the copper mined in Great Britain, the total from Cornwall being 82.6 per cent. To-day, alas, the mines are derelict and the people live largely by the soil, as their forefathers lived before John Costar of Bristol rediscovered the value of copper in 1710.

After reading this book, which deals with every aspect and phase of Gwennap life, from its geology to its miners' carols and children's games, Gwennap will forgive Mr. James for deserting his native parish in favour of Penzance. Some day, let us hope, a capable novelist will work the lode which he has opened; for only imaginative art can fully bring forth the drama implicit in this record of a "practical" man.

J. H. MARTIN

## READERS' FORUM

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SIR,

May I be permitted to say a word in welcome to the *Cornish Review*. It is fitting that this region should have a place for uttering its own voice, for it is a region of character and idiosyncrasy. Its people, its scene, its climate, and their interaction, have produced something easily to be distinguished from anything that will be found elsewhere ; and this is true, despite the levelling consequences of our day. So long as it remains true there will be a reason for a magazine like this—a magazine which seeks to make known what is peculiarly Cornish in writing, painting, sculpture and all that belongs to a native culture.

The expression that is given to this need not spring out of the heart of the Cornish-born. Mr. Sven Berlin, writing in the first number of "My World as a Sculptor", says : "It was Cornwall that helped to release and develop this thing", so that now to work outside Cornwall would alter his vision. And, of course, many who paint in Cornwall, and write of Cornwall, are not Cornish-born. Nevertheless, Cornwall speaks through them ; and the thing in this magazine must be that the voice of Cornwall shall speak, through whatever mouth.

This is satisfactorily so in this first copy, and Mr. Denys Val Baker, the editor, may be trusted to keep it so. Of the contents I do not propose to speak, except to say that they are representative and excellent, setting a standard which, if maintained, should make it almost a duty of Cornish men and women to support the venture.

It is for that support that these few words appeal. At the beginning of this century Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch founded the *Cornish Magazine*. It survived for only four numbers, and that under the editorship of a great and admired Cornishman. It is no use crying shame over that ancient failure. But it would be a pity if it became a habit of Cornish people to see all cultural ventures founder and to leave even their inception to "foreigners".

Recently, horticulturists from many parts of the world visited famous Cornish gardens. I was with them for part of the time, and I know they were amazed at what they saw. It was something they couldn't see anywhere else. So it is with the things of the Cornish heart and hand, the Cornish mind and eye. But these things need a platform, and here it is in the *Cornish Review*. The best service which Cornish people can render this cause, which is their own, is to buy the magazine.

HOWARD SPRING

*The White Cottage, Falmouth.*

SIR,

You have no doubt earnestly wished to present a review of Cornish interest, and it is therefore with regret that I have to inform you that to one Cornishman at least all the good and solid Cornish things in your first number are nullified by the blatant conceit of Sven Berlin's article.

I have a concern for the arts as manifestations of the human spirit, and therefore expect that a magazine devoted to Cornish things should reveal the true Cornish spirit in the section devoted to plastic and visual arts. The presentation of Sven Berlin's woolly philosophy and technical absurdities, his disregard for historical and traditional methods of carving which have roots deep in a distant Cornish past, and the devotion of so much space to fantastic goblins, devils and gods in defiance of the humble, simple and workman-like faith of the Cornishman, cannot recommend your magazine.

I trust that future numbers will do something to correct this orgy of conceit and reveal a recognition of the integrity of the Cornish. As both Cornishman and professional artist, I shall await the time when the *Cornish Review* may find a more stable and constructive artistic policy.

PETER LANYON

*The Attic Studio, St. Ives.*

SIR,

Pick up any book about Cornwall, and you'll find the writer expatiating about the lovely coast scenery, the different points of interest, etc., whilst remaining very reticent about the natives. I have lived among the Cornish—the Bude variety in particular—for some years now, on and off, and I have been appalled by what I have discovered in the local character. I have found a certain class to be treacherous, two-faced, sly, deceitful, flagrant humbugs (more especially when they profess themselves deeply religious, as many of them do) and altogether undesirable. In fact, in sheer self-defence, I now refuse to have anything to do with the "locals", and if newcomers to the county take my advice they will adopt the same precaution. If they don't, they will inevitably learn the same bitter lesson as myself.

What is the reason for this deplorable anti-social behaviour? The principal cause, I believe, is that the Cornish, a primitive people at the best, cut off for centuries from the rest of the country, have always hated the intrusion of anyone from outside—the "foreigner", as they call him. They like his money, but they keenly resent his physical presence. And the kinder and more generous he is on arrival, the more they will hate and fleece him. This is the stark truth. Perhaps being a very backward, illiterate and ignorant people, they develop a strong sense of inferiority when they come into contact with anyone of a different and better type; but the fact remains that the "foreigner" is only safe if he leaves them strictly alone.

I have actually heard Cornishmen boast that their forebears lured ships on to the rocks by false lights; and their present actions are influenced, no doubt, by what is in their very blood. A man who should know (he served in the Intelligence Service during both wars) assured me that German submarines were refuelled in coves along the South and North Cornish coasts in 1914-18, and that the crews were allowed to come ashore and mingle freely with the natives. After living in Cornwall, I can well believe it: in spite of the crowded chapels—or, perhaps, because of them—there is more farmyard immorality in Cornwall than in any other part of England. Many of the stories I could tell you would be judged incredible by any ordinary standards.

Perhaps this sexual lust can be partially explained by the strange mixtures of blood in the Cornish ; the frenzied chapel-goer will deny it at the top of his voice, but in spite of the strenuous attempts to hush it up, there is undoubtedly a lot of foreign blood among the natives ; you can see men in Newlyn and other places standing at street corners, unshaved and wearing filthy trousers, who are pure Iberian, and who might have stepped out of a picture by Goya. This may account also for the Cornishman's indolence, carelessness, and general shiftiness in some measure, at least ; although the worst kind of Cornishman would be a natural rascal, I am afraid, in any case.

SYDNEY HORLER

*Penrock, Bude.*

SIR,

I should like to send you a word of sincere congratulation on the first issue. It is certainly a feast of good things—and a worthy successor to "Q's" *Cornish Magazine*. Such a periodical has been sadly lacking in Cornwall for many years, and this new effort deserves the support of all that have the cultural life of Cornwall at heart. May that support be forthcoming—and may the *Review* go from strength to strength ! Is it possible that some time it may be practicable for you to publish in the Cornish language ? There must be a considerable number who would appreciate it.

BARTH GUNWYN, Gorseth Kernow

*St. Mary's, Isles of Scilly.*

SIR,

We hasten to congratulate you on the contents and production of the *Cornish Review*. It is a delightful review of regional activity, of the sort that should have great appeal to many people far from Cornwall, as well as those within its boundaries, for its interest is anything but provincial, yet the regional flavour is maintained perfectly to give just the extra spice necessary for originality. The *Review* will be sent to our New York Centre, and will I know have great interest for many of the members there.

BARBARA BONNER

*Book Across the Sea, Dartmouth House, Berkeley Square, W.1.*

Secretary.

SIR,

Hearty congratulations on the *Cornish Review*, both editorially and typographically. I wonder whether any other single county would have yielded such a range of artists for the lucky editor of a regional review ? I hope you will have the success you deserve. I have no Cornish artist yet on the publishing list of my firm, but as soon as there is one, his work will be advertised in the *Cornish Review*.

CHARLES ROSNER

*Sylvan Press Ltd., 24 Museum Street, London*

Managing Director.

SIR,

I think the first issue is a very good number, but I send you one or two criticisms since you invite them. The cover is weak and unlikely to attract the unfamiliar eye on bookstalls. I don't think you will be able to keep your subject matter quite so exclusively Cornish, but should get the feeling that Cornwall is related to the outside world. Living in Cornwall, it is only too easy to believe there is nowhere else.

JOHN ARMSTRONG

*Oriental Cottage, Lamorna, Penzance.*



## NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

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GEORGE MANNING-SANDERS. Born in Cornwall a long, long time ago. (Mother one of the proud Cornish.) Has remained in the Duchy ever since, except for the lapse of a few years into the county of Devon. Has published three novels, and contributed short stories, mainly dealing with Cornish types, to *English Review*, *Criterion*, *New Statesman*, *Manchester Guardian*, and most of the literary journals of England. Also plays and stories to the B.B.C. Lately has been giving attention to the writing of plays and the painting of pictures, in a stubborn belief that the two arts have a subtle affinity.

RUTH MANNING-SANDERS. Born in South Wales. Lived in the North of England as a child. Studied for an English Honours degree at Manchester University. Has always written. Began with verse, and was first published by the Hogarth Press. Has published novels, short stories and verse in England and America. Forthcoming books : *Swan of Denmark. A Biography of Hans Andersen* (Heinemann). *A History of the English Circus* (Werner Laurie). *The Seaside* (Batsford). *The River Dart* (Westaway Books).

RONALD BOTTRALL. Born 1906, at Camborne, Cornwall, his parents being derived on both sides from very old Cornish families. He was educated at Redruth County School and Pembroke College, Cambridge, and since then has lived in Finland, Malaya, Italy, Sweden and the U.S.A. At present he is working as British Council Representative in Italy. His poems have been widely published in periodicals for many years, and volumes of his work have been published by Nicholson & Watson. The latest book, which is being published this year, has the title *The Palisades of Fear*.

W. S. GRAHAM. Born Greenock, Scotland, but came to live in Cornwall in 1944, at first at Germoe, near Marazion, and now at Mevagissey. Although not a native of Cornwall, he has been deeply influenced by the Cornish atmosphere and people, particularly the sea and the fishermen—an affinity very well captured in his memorial poem *The Voyages of Alfred Wallis*. He has contributed poems to a large number of magazines, including *Horizon*, *Life and Letters*, *Poetry Quarterly*, *Poetry Scotland*, *Little Reviews Anthology* and numerous American papers. Three books of his poems have been published, and the fourth, just issued by Faber & Faber, *The White Threshold*, is reviewed in this issue of the *Cornish Review*. In 1947 his poetry won him recognition in the form of an Atlantic Award, and last year he visited America to lecture at New York University.



**IVOR THOMAS.** Born 1914, at Beacon, Camborne, of mining stock. Father a school-master. Graduated 1936 at University College, Exeter. Began teaching in London 1938, doing post-graduate research in prehistory in the evenings at Birkbeck College, London. After five years' war service has settled at Mullion in Cornwall and become a bard. Founder and Honorary Secretary of the Cornish Geographical Association, which is organizing a National Conference at Falmouth in April, 1950. His hobby is "local history through the eyes of a geographer", and by special request is publishing some of his work this year under the title *Studies in Cornish Geography*. He is married to a well-known Cornish soprano and has a daughter and a son.

**ASHLEY ROWE.** Claims direct descent from Rowe of Lamerton, who, according to the Elizabethan herald John Guillim, shewed for his arms "Gules, 3 Paschal Lambs" and on the maternal side numbers Tuckers, Pollards, Cawrses and Ough among his forbears. He is bard "Menhyryon" [Great Stones] in the Gorsedd of Cornwall, and has photographed nearly all the Cornish crosses. He has made an intensive study of early Cornish newspapers, and has written some hundreds of newspaper articles on the history of Truro and adjacent parishes. Keenly interested in inter-Celtic relations, he represents Cornwall on the General Committee of the Celtic Congress.

**B. H. RYVES.** Born in India, 1875. Educated at the United Services College, Westward Ho!, 1888-1893. Passed into the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, 1893. Commissioned in the Indian Army, 1895. Invalided from the Service in the rank of Lieut.-Colonel 1920, and returned for good to his home at Mawgan-in-Pydar. For the last twenty-nine years, with the constant co-operation of his wife, has devoted himself to the intensive study of Cornish birds in the field. Founded the Cornwall Bird Watching and Preservation Society, 1931. Appointed on the panel of Honorary Consultants of *British Birds Magazine*, 1944. Author of the current standard work *Bird Life in Cornwall*, 1948. Author also of many ornithological papers and articles to leading journals.

**HILDA M. QUICK.** Born 1895. Lived all her life in Cornwall, chiefly in Penzance. Studied wood-engraving at the Central School of Arts and Crafts, Southampton Row. Started birdwatching about fifteen years ago, and began to use birds as the subject of wood-engravings, particularly sea-birds and waders. Author of *Marsh and Shore* (Cape).

**A. K. HAMILTON JENKIN.** Comes of a Cornish family resident for the last two hundred years at Redruth, where he himself was born. Developed an interest in mining at the age of four and subsequently in all aspects of Cornish history. Detested school but loved Oxford, of which he holds the degrees of M.A. and B.Litt. Publications: *The Cornish Miner, Cornish Seafarers, Cornwall and the Cornish, Cornish Homes and Customs, The Story of Cornwall*. In London for five years. Was a constant broadcaster, and wrote extensively on folk custom and heavy industries. He writes that his sports are hunting (for old documents) and climbing (underground in mines). He is a Vice-President of the Federation of Old Cornwall Societies, and of the Royal Cornwall Polytechnic Society.

H. SEGAL. Born London, 1914. Blind in early childhood. At the age of twelve won an Art Scholarship to St. Martin's. Has designed work for *Vogue*, Ministry of Information, *Nash's*, Shell-Mex, Crawford's, London Press Exchange, Nuffield's, London Passenger Transport Board, Odham's, Cortaulds, Decca, Rolls-Royce, and other firms. Also produced sculpture and décor and costume designs for ballet. While serving in the Army in Africa he produced many native studies, now represented in permanent collection in Kenya and private collections. Since demobilization has exhibited in the Paris Salon, the Royal Society of Portrait Painters, Royal West of England Academy, Imperial Institute Gallery, South Kensington, and has held one-man shows in Nairobi, Kenya, St. Ives, Bankfield Museum, Halifax, Bagshaw Museum and Art Gallery, Yorkshire. In September, 1949, will be holding one-man show in London sponsored by "The League of Coloured Peoples". Foundation Member, and on the Selection Committee, of the Penwith Society of Arts.

BARBARA TRIBE. Born 1913, at Sydney, Australia. Studied under G. Rayner Hoff and gained diploma in Modelling and Sculpture with bronze medal. She was awarded a New South Wales Travelling Art Scholarship for two year's study in England. Studied at Kennington City and Guilds and Regent Street Polytechnic Schools of Art. Exhibited at Royal Academy, Royal Society of British Artists, London Group, Society of Women Artists, United Artists, Society of Artists, Sydney, Australia, also at the St. Ives and Newlyn Galleries. Elected an Associate of the Royal British Sculptors in 1945. Member of the Penwith Society of Arts in Cornwall. Teacher of Modelling and Sculpture at the Penzance School of Art.

BRYAN WYNTER. Born London, 1915. Educated at Hampshire, preparatory school, then at Haileybury. Lived in Zurich 1934. Entered family business till age of twenty-one, then studied at Slade School. Has worked in London and Oxford and has lived since 1945 on top of Zennor Cove, Cornwall. Is married. Most powerful stimulus: the Cornish landscape, which, he claims, meets the painter halfway. Exhibits regularly at Redfern Gallery, London, and with the Crypt Group, St. Ives. Member of newly-founded Penwith Society. Likes cats, canoeing and Cornish cream. Hates bills, balance sheets, and biographical notes. Favourite hobby: painting.

DENIS MITCHELL. Born 1912, and spent his first sixteen months at the Mumbles, South Wales. Came to St. Ives in 1930 to start a market garden business, and took up serious painting then. During the war he met Bernard Leach and Adrian Stokes in the Home Guard, a contact which proved of great value in encouraging interest in modern art. Later, with his brother, Endell Mitchell, and Sven Berlin, he organized the first show of modern art in St. Ives at the Castle Inn. He manages to carry on serious painting thanks to the aid of a series of odd jobs, including labouring, mackerel fishing, tin mining and designing hand-made ties. "My aim in painting is to be as uninfluenced as possible and to develop my outlook on Cornish landscape as felt and seen through my jobs of working on the land and under it in the mine and around it on the sea, which gives me a much more intimate feeling towards it." Married, with two children.

**MISOMÉ PEILE.** Born at Southsea, Hants. Education, spasmodic. Has lived in London, Rome, Palma and Valletta, and travelled to Cyprus, Palestine and Egypt. Came to live in St. Ives on advice of her uncle, the late W. E. Nicholson, Esq., F.L.S., who discovered new and rare mosses in Cornwall. Worked under Leonard G. Fuller and, for tempera, with the late Enraght Moony. She is an Associate of the Society of Women Artists and a member of the Penwith Society of Arts in Cornwall. Has exhibited in London and provincial galleries, Cape Town, Jersey, Wales, and had two one-man shows in St. Ives and shows at Newlyn. Worked on action studies of the "Adelphi Guild Theatre" at Newquay, St. Ives and North-West Midlands. Exhibition of these drawings at Central Library, Manchester, in 1948. Designed cartoons for First Production Souvenir Programme, Studio Theatre, Camborne. Exhibited with E. Jessop Price at R.W.S. Galleries, London, May 1949.

**ISOBEL HEATH.** She studied under William Ritson, Robert Blatchford and Leonard Fuller, and at Colarossi's, Montparnasse, Paris. During the last war she worked as an artist in connection with the Ministry of Information, making drawings of factory workers and paintings of incidents to do with the war. Her work has been exhibited at the Royal Scottish Academy of Art and the Royal British Artists, and at several provincial galleries. She is one of the foundation members of the Penwith Society of Arts in Cornwall. Married to Dr. Marc Prati, political correspondent to *La Stampa*, Turin, Italy.

**DAVID COX.** Born at Falmouth. Left Cornwall at an early age and studied in London and abroad. His works have been exhibited at the Royal Academy, Paris Salon, New English Art Club, R.O.I., R.W.A., National Society, the Leicester, Leger, Marlborough, and numerous provincial galleries, also on the Continent, in the Colonies and in America. His first one-man show was held in London in 1947. He has been connected in an executive capacity with a number of Art Societies, and in recent times has been the Hon. Secretary of the St. Ives Society of Artists and the Penwith Society of Arts in Cornwall. He is a member of the Royal West of England Academy and other societies.

**BERNARD LEACH.** Born 1887, at Hong Kong, the son of Andrew John Leach, a Colonial judge. Educated at Beaumont College, Slade School, London School of Art and Manchester University. From 1909 to 1920 he lived in Japan where, in 1911, he took up pottery as a pupil of V. I. Kenzan. He returned to England and, in 1920, with the Japanese potter Hamada, started the Leach Pottery at St. Ives. To-day he is recognized as one of Britain's finest craftsmen, and his work has been exhibited in the Victoria and Albert Museum and many other British art galleries and museums, as well as in Japan, U.S.A., Germany, Italy, Scandinavia, etc. He has had no fewer than twelve one-man shows in London, including drawings and etchings as well as pottery. He has lectured widely, and teaches pottery at Penzance School of Art. Author of *A Potter's Book* (Faber & Faber) and of a chapter on pottery in *Fifteen Craftsmen* (Sylvan Press). With his son, David Leach, he specializes in making high-temperature stoneware and porcelain, influenced by early Chinese pottery.

H. J. WILLMOTT. A Cambridgeshire man, he has been in journalism since 1915, when he began as a reporter for the *Cambridge Daily News* series. After two years of war service he had his first taste of West Country delights at Glastonbury, the spell of which abides. After ten years in Yorkshire, at Doncaster and Leeds, he looked westward again and joined the *Cornish Guardian* series at Bodmin. Twice he has left Cornwall, first for Essex and secondly for the Cotswolds, where he worked under Robertson Scott for *The Countryman*, but is back with the *Cornish Guardian* again as News Editor and feature writer. He has collaborated with J. C. Trewin in a book, *London-Bodmin*, shortly to be published.

JOHN F. HEWISH. Born 1921, at Polruan. He has lived all his life in Cornwall. After starting a career as an aircraft engineer, helping to test aeroplanes during the war, he later served in the Fleet Air Arm. After the war he read English at Oxford, where he obtained a degree. He is now working as a journalist in London. He writes that he finds writing very hard work and would rather do almost anything else.

ARTHUR CADDICK. Born 1911, at Coatham, Yorks, but is Scotch, Welsh and English in judicious proportions. Educated Sedbergh, Sir William Turner's, and Wadham College, Oxford, where he took Honours in Jurisprudence. Edited *Portico*, an architectural journal, for a year in London, when he was General Secretary of the Faculty of Architects and Surveyors. Started writing satirical verse as young man, and has had many pieces published, first appearance in print being in *Punch*. Author of *Respectable Persons*, a satirical novel (Hutchinson). Twenty-four lines of one of his unpublished war poems are embalmed in columns of Hansard. Awarded First

### THE CORNISH REVIEW

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Prize by Lord Dunsany at the Inter-Celtic Festival, 1949, at St. Ives, in the English Poetry contest. For the past year has worked on a volume of poems, and also hopes shortly to issue some broadsheets. His wife comes from Southern Rhodesia, and they have five young children and have lived at Nancledra over four years.

**BRET GUTHRIE.** Born 1916, Barrow-in-Furness ; father Tynesider, mother Russian. Childhood spent on Welsh borders, migrated at eight to Cornwall, and has not felt really happy anywhere else since. Educated, out of school, largely by people and land of Cornwall. Studied geology first, then theatre in London, but lived by commerce there. A spell of pottery, married, pilot through war, turned to teaching. College introduced history, now an absorption. Is at present making a study of St. Ives, his home for ten years. Writes little, publishes very much less. Main interest, this world, past and present.

**MICHAEL GARDNER.** Born 1916. During his early years lived at Plymouth, and later travelled extensively in Europe, from Portugal to Iceland. Through his mother he is connected with the well-known Collins family of Bisland, in Cornwall, and he is at present living at Looe. Since 1942 he has appeared on the stage and recently made a success as "Dr. Parker" in the first Irish production of *Edward, My Son* in Dublin. In Cornwall he frequently appears with the English Ring Actors of Penzance. His poetry has been published in British, Irish, Welsh and Portuguese papers, and broadcast on the B.B.C., and two volumes have been published—*Storm and Calm* (Ditchling Press, 1944) and *The Piper* (Williams & Norgate, 1947).

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
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